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(Number 197.)

# THE HUNCHBACK.

PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS.

HERIDAN KNOWLES,

Auth.

' *William Tell*,' *The Wife*,' etc., etc.

From the Original Text as first performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London, April 5, 1832; the Park Theatre, New York, 1832 and 1835; and the Union Square Theatre, New York, October 26, 1874.

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EDITED BY

JOHN M. KINGDOM,

Author of "*Marcoretta*," "*The Fountain of Beauty*," "*A Life's Vengeance*," "*Tancred*," "*The High Road of Life*," "*Which is My Husband?*" "*The Old Ferry House*," "*Madeline*," "*Wreck of the Golden Mary*," "*The Three Musketeers*," etc., etc.

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# THE HUNCHBACK.

A Play,

IN FIVE ACTS.

✓  
BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES,

*Author of "Virginius," "William Tell," "The Wife," etc., etc.*

FROM THE ORIGINAL TEXT AS FIRST PRODUCED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, APRIL 5, 1832; THE PARK THEATRE, NEW YORK, 1832 AND 1845; AND THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE, NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1874.

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1876



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## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

<i>Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London,</i> <i>April 5, 1832.</i>	<i>New Park Theatre, New York, June 18, 1832.</i>	<i>Park Theatre, New York, 1845.</i>	<i>Union Square Theatre, New York, Oct., 1874.</i>
Master Walter.....	Mr. J. S. KNOWLES.	Mr. CLARKE.	Mr. FREDERIC ROBINSON.
Sir Thomas Clifford.....	Mr. SIMPSON.	Mr. C. KEMBLE.	Mr. CHAS. R. THORNE, Jr.
Modus.....	Mr. THORNE.	Mr. SIMPSON.	Mr. G. BARRETT.
Lord Tinsel.....	Mr. ABBOTT.	Mr. THORNE.	Mr. STUART ROBSON.
Fathom.....	Mr. WRENCH.	Mr. RICHINGS.	Mr. DE WALDEN.
Master Wilford (afterward Earl of Rochdale).....	Mr. MEADOWS.	Mr. H. PLACIDE.	Mr. OWEN MARLOWE.
Master Heartwell.....	Mr. J. MASON.	Mr. H. PLACIDE.	Mr. J. E. IRVING.
Gaylove.....	Mr. EVANS.	Mr. H. DALTON.	Mr. H. DALTON.
Thomas.....	Mr. HENRY.	Mr. CROCKER.	Mr. T. E. MORRIS.
Stephen.....	Mr. BARNES.	Mr. ANDERSON.	Mr. JOHN MATHEWS.
Simpson.....	Mr. PAYNE.	Mr. PEARSON.	Mr. C. M. COLLINS.
Williams.....	Mr. BRADY.	Mr. POVEY.	Mr. W. H. WILDER.
Holdwell.....	Mr. IRWIN.	Mr. McDOWALL.	
Servant.....	Mr. BENDER.	Mr. BULARD.	
Julia.....	Mr. COOPER.	Mr. GALLOTT.	Mr. E. SINCLAIR.
Helen.....	Miss F. KEMBLE.	Mr. KING.	Mr. W. S. QUIGLEY.
	Miss F. KEMBLE.	Mrs. CHAS. KEAN.	Miss CLARA MORRIS.
	Miss TAYLOR.	Mrs. ABBOTT.	Miss KATE CLAXTON.

TIME IN REPRESENTATION—THREE HOURS.

## SCENERY.

(ACCORDING TO THE ORIGINAL TEXT.)

*ACT I., Scene 1.*—A Tavern. The flats represent an old-fashioned chamber of heavy oak panels, set in the fourth grooves. An old-fashioned carved fireplace, c. Doors R. and L. 3 E. Chairs of a like old-fashioned style on either side of the door, L., near which is a table and chair, with wine upon table. Near the door, R., four chairs and table, with wine, etc.

*Scene 2.*—The Gardens of MASTER WALTER'S House. The flats set in the second grooves represent perspectively beautifully laid out flower-beds, walks, and fountain, with old-fashioned house in distance.

*Scene 3.*—Apartment in MASTER WALTER'S House. The flats set in the fourth grooves represent one side of the apartment with windows, hung with rich curtains opening on to the garden beyond. Tables and chairs, with books, music, and vases and flowers, etc., near L. and R. 3 E.; everything giving the appearance of a richly-furnished room.

*ACT II., Scene 1.*—Apartment in HEARTWELL'S House. The flats set in the second grooves represent an oaken chamber, with portraits hung in the panels.

*Scene 2.*—Gardens of HEARTWELL'S House. The flats set in the fourth grooves represent terrace and fountains, etc.; the wings, statuary trees and flowers. Arbors R. and L. U. E.

*Scene 3.*—A Street Scene. The flats set in third grooves represent the exterior of old-fashioned houses.

*ACT III., Scene 1.*—Drawing-room in the EARL OF ROCHDALE'S House. The flats set in second grooves represent an elegantly-furnished apartment.

*Scene 2.*—Apartment in HEARTWELL'S House. The flats set in fourth grooves; a rich table with title deeds and papers upon it, writing materials, etc.—placed to the left of the centre, near 3 E.; chairs on either side of it, and chairs near R. 3 and 2 E. Windows at the back looking on to gardens; curtains, and pictures.

*ACT IV., Scene 1.*—A Room in the EARL OF ROCHDALE'S House. The same as Scene 1, Act III., set in second grooves.

*Scene 2.*—Banqueting Room in the same. The flats set in the fourth grooves represent one side of a delicately painted and gilded apartment; an archway, c., hung with rich curtains. Doors R. and L. U. E. In the panels, which the wings represent, are hung portraits; a gilded table R., with chairs to correspond near the entrances on either side of the stage; handbell on table; writing materials.

*ACT V., Scene 1.*—A Room in the EARL OF ROCHDALE'S House. The same as Scene 1, Act III., set in second grooves.

*Scene 2.*—JULIA'S Chamber. An elegantly-furnished apartment, with window c.; curtains, etc.; chairs R. and L. of window. The flats are placed in the third grooves.

*Scene 3.*—Banqueting Room in the EARL OF ROCHDALE'S House. Same as Scene 2, Act IV.\*

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We will now give the scenery as adopted at the Union Square Theatre, New York.

*ACT I., Scene 1.*—The Tavern on Ludgate Hill.† The flats in the third grooves represent a heavily-wainscoted room. A door L.; near it an old-fashioned mahogany table and two chairs; door L. 2 E.; a high antique carved fireplace, R. U. E.; a door L. 2 E., and near it another table and four chairs; a chair to the left of the door L. 2 E.

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\* In the ordinary representations the Scene of JULIA'S chamber is omitted, and the banqueting room takes the place; Scenes 2 and 3 being thus thrown into one.

† One of the chief thoroughfares of the old City of London as it is at the present time. In this street and the vicinity were a number of taverns, or coffee houses, as they were frequently termed, where gay and gallant noblemen and men of fashion, wit, and learning assembled, to discuss politics, literature, love, and scandal, everything in fact, and drinking wine deeply, their revelry ending frequently in a duel or a night in the watch-house. A few of these old places are still in existence, though, it is hardly necessary to say, somewhat differently conducted and frequented.

*At the end of this scene the curtain falls, and Scene 2, Act 1. of the original edition forms Act II.*

**ACT II., Scene 1.**—The Gardens of MASTER WALTER'S Country House. The flats, set as far back as possible, represent a fine old mansion with terraces, etc.; a terrace running across the stage R. and L. U. E., approached by a short flight of steps, C.; another flight of steps winds up in a slanting direction, off the stage, L. U. E.; the wings on either side represent flowering shrubs and trees, with pedestals and marble vases with flowers at each entrance. Twining boughs of trees and flowers intermingled are suspended from above, forming a charming roof or canopy, and a carpet thrown over the stage, to represent a well kept grass plot.

*Act III. of the original version is thrown into this scene, with which Act II. ends, and Act III. begins with Act II. of that version, the scene being changed from an apartment to a garden.*

**ACT III., Scene 1.**—The Garden of MASTER HEARTWELL'S House, near London. A rich garden scene represented on the flats with the wings to correspond; statuary on either side; an arbor, L. U. E.

*Scene 2 of the original version is thrown into this scene, and Scene 3 becomes*

**Scene 2.**—A Street in London. The flats set in second grooves representing exterior of old-fashioned houses.

*The first scene of Act III. is omitted, and the second scene changed from an apartment in HEARTWELL'S house forms the opening scene of*

**ACT IV.**—Library in MASTER HEARTWELL'S House. The flats set in fourth grooves represent the interior of library; antique book-cases and chairs; window, C., and velvet curtains. Table and chairs, C. of stage, opposite 3 E. An alcove in a slanting direction, between 1 and 3 E., on each side of the stage, through which is seen richly carved cabinets; chairs, R. and L. of each alcove; writing materials; parchments, papers, etc.

*All the following scenes in Acts IV. and V. of the original version are thrown into one scene, which forms*

**ACTS V. and VI.**—Grand Saloon in the EARL OF ROCHEDALE'S House. The flats set right back represent a handsome picture gallery. In the fourth grooves one side of the room with a large archway, C., hung with rich velvet curtains, and gold fringe and cords to draw up; two chairs, R., chair and couch, L.; rich cabinets, near R. and L. 3 E. An entrance, hung with curtains to gallery, L. 2 E.; a door, R., 2 E., near which is a richly gilded table and three chairs.

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### COSTUMES.

**MASTER WALTER.**—A black Old English velvet doublet slashed with black satin; black mantle; black cap and plume; hunched shoulders; black trunks and silk stockings; shoes and bows; sword and cane.

**SIR THOMAS CLIFFORD.**—A puce silk doublet richly slashed with crimson, with the front loose, showing rich lawn shirt with handsome lace collar; a dark velvet mantle lined with satin; dark trunks trimmed with lace at the ends; russet boots; blue velvet hat, looped up with diamonds and button and feathers; ruffles of lace; and handsome sword. *Second dress*; dark velvet doublet open at bosom, exposing shirt, lace ruffles and collar; black silk stockings; shoes; and rosettes.

**MODUS.**—Brown velvet doublet, and puce colored silk trimmings; black trunks; silk stockings and shoes; lace collar.

**LORD TINSEL.**—A beautiful rich green silk doublet and trunks, with lace ruffles and collar; shirt, etc.; white silk stockings; shoes and rosettes; buff hat and white sweeping feathers.

**FATHOM.**—Dark brown doublet, open at breast to show shirt; trunks braided; white collar; black stockings and shoes; auburn wig.

**MASTER WILFORD.**—*1st Dress*: Dark colored doublet of velvet, and mantle lined with white silk; lace ruffles and collar; black silk trunks, etc.; shoes and bows;

- hat and feathers. *2d Dress* : Dark-blue silk doublet open ; with lace ruffles and collar ; dark velvet pantaloons ; silk stockings ; russet boots ; rich hat and feathers : mantle lined with crimson silk ; sometimes it is dressed thus, when he is
- LORD ROCHDALE.**—Scarlet satin mantle, lined with white silk ; doublet of like color, slashed with white and scarlet ; trunks ; white silk stockings ; shoes, etc ; buff hat and feathers.
- GAYLOVE.**—Similar dress to **WILFORD**'s, but of crimson, slashed with white ; silk stockings ; shoes ; white hat and feathers, and sword.
- THOMAS.**—Gray, open doublet, of cloth, and trunks braided ; white collar ; black wig ; black stockings, and shoes.
- MASTER HEARTWELL.**—Black velvet doublet, and lace ruffles ; trunks with faced bottoms ; lace collar ; gray hat and feathers ; dark brown silk stockings, and shoes with rosettes ; stick and sword.
- STEPHEN.**—Chocolate colored doublet and trunks bound with velvet ; purple stockings, and shoes ; lace collar and ruffles ; plain black hat and white handkerchief.
- HOLDWELL.**—A similar dress, with the colors, varied to the first dress of **MASTER WILFORD**.
- SIMPSON.**—A similar dress
- WAITER.**—Black doublet ; trunks, stockings, and shoes ; white apron.
- SERVANT.**—Plain gray doublet, and trunks, with dark blue stockings, and shoes ; white collar.
- JULIA.**—*1st Dress* : White muslin dress trimmed with lace ; broad hat and blue ribbons. *2d Dress* : Light blue satin gown, with bodice and lace trimmings ; broad hat and rich feathers. *3d Dress* : White satin bridal dress and train ; long sleeves richly trimmed with lace ; pearl necklace ; white satin shoes.
- HELEN.**—*1st Dress* : White muslin trimmed with pink silk or satin ; hat and feathers ; rich fan. *2d Dress* : Rich blue silk dress, with muslin body and satin train of any light and bright color ; ruff ; fan, etc.

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### PROPERTIES.

#### FOR THE ORIGINAL VERSION.

- ACT I., Scene 1.**—Two circular old-fashioned tables, and half a dozen chairs to correspond ; wine bottles and goblets. *Scene 3.*—Two antique carved and gilded tables ; chairs to match ; books, music, and vases with flowers ; letter.
- ACT II., Scene 1.**—Bell. *Scene 2.*—Vases and pedestals and pieces of statuary. *Scene 3.*—Several letters for **STEPHEN**.
- ACT III., Scene 1.**—Scroll of paper for petition. *Scene 2.*—A richly-gilded antique table ; parchment deeds, papers, and writing materials ; chairs to correspond with table ; pictures ; letter for **JULIA** to sign ; parchments and letter for **MASTER WALTER** ; letter for **THOMAS**.
- ACT IV., Scene 1.**—Book for **MODUS**. *Scene 2.*—Richly-gilded table and chairs ; letter for **CLIFFORD** ; hand-bell.
- ACT V., Scene 1.**—Book for **MODUS**. *Scene 2.*—Peal of bells ; rich jewel case and jewels ; light gilded chamber chairs. *Scene 3.*—Gilded table and chairs ; carpet, etc. ; parchment.

#### UNION SQUARE VERSION.

- ACT I., Scene 1.**—Same as above.
- ACT II., Scene 1**—Statuary, pedestals, and vases with flowers ; carpet to represent grass over the entire stage ; letter for **FATHOM**.
- ACT III., Scene 1.**—Statuary, pedestals, and vases ; bell. *Scene 2.*—Several letters for **STEPHEN**.
- ACT IV., Scene 1.**—Antique bookcases and chairs, with a table of the same kind ; cabinets to be seen through alcoves ; writing materials ; papers ; parchment deeds and letters for **MASTER WALTER** ; paper for **JULIA** to sign ; letter for **THOMAS**.

*ACTS V. and VI.*—Richly-gilded table, and chairs to correspond ; couch ; cabinets, with articles of virtu ; letter for CLIFFORD : book for MODUS ; writing materials ; parchment.

### STORY OF THE PLAY.

OF all the members of the leading rank of English nobility some few centuries ago, there were very few who could surpass, or even equal, the owner of the title and estates of the Earldom of Rochdale. As the author says :

“ A lord of many lands !  
In Berkshire half a county : and the same  
In Wilkshire, and in Lancashire. Across  
The Irish Sea a principality.  
And not a rood with bond or lien on it !”

These large estates, and the large revenues accruing therefrom, necessarily required an educated, keen, and careful manager or agent, and this was found in a presumed distant relative of the family, one Master Walter, to whom the Earl entrusted the entire control of his large domains. He was a singular man, was Master Walter ; he was in his demeanor somewhat reserved, and yet withal, there was in his manner and action a genial kindness, and a true, outspoken honesty. In every respect he was a worthy man, whose word would pass on 'change as easily as his bond, so good was his repute from years of tried experience : and in all respects a man of liberality ; no scheme of public good was ever put forward in his neighborhood, but it was supported by his own contributions to a larger extent than those of any other person, in addition to that which he was enabled, and authorized to draw from his master's revenues. Retiring in his habits and assuming no prominent position beyond that which his place in society actually required, it was well known there were many acts of charity performed which could only emanate from him, though outward signs could not trace the authorship. Marrying young, he anticipated a life of happiness, only, however, doomed to disappointment, for in giving birth to a daughter, his wife's life was forfeited. It was then that he felt come upon him the great drawback of deformity in his personal appearance—he was a hunchback !—and in losing one who had considered that no detriment to his mental qualifications, he felt himself isolated in the world, and he determined still further to isolate himself, and bring up his daughter in ignorance of her true relationship, so that on such account she should not be wanting in filial affection. Thus years passed on, and beneath his tender, fostering care the infant Julia progressed to womanhood, with all the charms that nature could bestow, and mental cultivation enhance.

It so happened that time, however, wrought a great change. The Earl's son was stricken down with a fatal malady, and he was himself seized with a like disease, to which he speedily succumbed. In consequence of this, the titles and estates devolved upon one Master Wilford, a very distant relative, a cousin in the third degree, a gay, reckless gallant, who, though the son of a gentleman, had been hitherto unnoticed by his wealthy relative, and had been glad to enjoy the scanty revenues of a scrivener's clerk, at that time, however, no very mean occupation, and to pass his time in gayety and pleasure, his boon companions youthful noblemen, as handsomely equipped and reckless as himself—whose evenings were spent in the taverns of the city of London, at the period of the play the nightly resort of wealthy profligacy, wit, and learning. It is with such a scene as this, when Master Walter arrives to search out the successor to the title and estates of his deceased master, that the play commences. Surrounded by gentlemen, to whom Master Wilford has revealed the great prospects awaiting him, and who do not fail to blend their congratulations with copious draughts of wine, the hunchback meets with a boisterous reception, and his stern rebuke upon the levity exhibited at the receipt of the intelligence he brings of Lord Rochdale's death, and the consequent accession of Master Wilford to the title and estates, calls forth from Gaylove, one of the gallants present, an insulting allusion to his deformity. Calm as he usually is, this personal attack is too much to bear, and

swords are drawn, but one Sir Thomas Clifford, a youthful baronet, who happens to be present, takes the quarrel upon himself, and by his honest, gallant bearing, so stems the torrent of the uncalled for attack, that the offender and his party quit the tavern, possibly for further brawls, leaving, however, the hunchback and his companion alone. They recognize each other; Sir Thomas Clifford, from the stories he has heard of the agent's good qualities, and Master Walter, from a clerk in his employ, who had once been in the service of Clifford's father. The hunchback, with his usual keenness, at once perceives there is a chance for a fitting husband for his daughter; he knows Sir Thomas, as he tells him, to have been trained to knowledge, industry, frugality, and honesty, and sounding him well, finds that he does not live beyond his means, and neither bets nor races, and furthermore, that he has no mistress for his house. In glowing language, he describes the charms of Julia, and ends with an invitation to visit her, observing with marked meaning:

"You'll bless the day you served the Hunchback, sir!"

Julia has been brought up in the country entirely, under the watchful eye of Master Walter, whom she looks upon as her guardian, and for whom she feels and expresses the deepest affection. Beyond the rural life, which she is lead to believe has been enjoined by her unknown father for some family reason, she sees not any attraction, and even the vivid picture of gayety and pleasure which her companion Helen describes of city life, fails to have any effect. To her the only true happiness of life is to be found in the country; the principles being firmly impressed in her mind by Master Walter—

"Nine times in ten the town's a hollow thing,  
Where what things are is naught to what they show;  
Where merit's name laughs merit's self to scorn!  
Where friendship and esteem, that ought to be  
The tenants of men's hearts, lodge in their looks  
And tongues alone."

In one of the sweetest speeches ever written she describes the love and kindness exhibited towards her from childhood upwards by the hunchback; but the glowing scene is interrupted by his arrival with Sir Thomas, whose unexpected visit naturally excites the keenest curiosity. Clifford is not long before he perceives the great attractions of his host's ward, and he takes a very early opportunity of declaring his passion. This scene is an exceedingly pretty one, and most admirably constructed. She is pleased with his handsome, gallant, and manly bearing, but determines to try him by insisting that whoever marries her must lead a country life. But to all this Clifford is attached—smiles without deceit; peace and contentment; the observance of nature, winter or summer; the fireside on a winter's night; all this has charms which those in cities fail to find; and, warmly supporting her views, he again offers his hand and fortune. The new-made lovers are, however, abruptly interrupted by the sudden entry of Master Walter, who receives intelligence that a written packet to be given only to him has been found in the deceased Earl's escritoire, which necessitates a journey to London, whither he determines to take Julia and her companion Helen.

The allurements of the city prove too strong for the country-bred girl, and in the ensuing scene there is an admirably-written description of the change which has taken place. In the country, five and six o'clock in the morning saw Julia rising from her couch, but now those hours see her frequently retiring; and Master Walter is astounded when he receives from his friend Heartwell, at whose house she is staying, the astonishing intelligence—

"Your country maid has wilted all away,  
And plays the city lady to the height;  
Her mornings gives to mercers, milliners,  
Shoemakers, jewellers, and haberdashers;  
Her noons, to calls; her afternoons, to dressing;  
Evenings, to plays or cards; and nights to routs,  
Balls, masquerades! Sleep only ends the riot,  
Which waking still begins!"

Clifford is naturally alarmed at this sudden and unanticipated change. He fondly and mildly remonstrates, but all in vain; the wayward, fiery spirit has broken forth, and the hitherto unthwarted will can brook no control. The wedding has been fixed, indeed, it is only a week off, and its near approach affords an opportunity for a very fine scene, wherein Julia describes to Helen the grand position she will occupy as Lady Clifford—carriages, retinue, dresses, jewelry, every luxury, in fact, that wealth can obtain. But she is overheard by Clifford, who, in a sweetly-written speech, reproaches her for her vanity and lack of love for himself, and acquaints her with his resolve—

“The day that weds. wives you to be widowed.  
 \* \* \* \* \* be Lady Clifford!  
 My coffers, lands, are all at thy command;  
 Wear all! but for myself, she wears not me,  
 Who would not wear me for myself alone.  
 I'll lead thee to the church on Monday week;  
 Till then farewell! and then—farewell forever!”

A sad change now comes over the scene. Clifford succeeded to the baronetcy and estates upon the presumption that a cousin, who stood before him, had died at sea; but intelligence now arrives that such was not the case, that he was saved, and has returned; consequently, rank and wealth pass away, and Clifford is now all but a beggar.

He acquaints Master Walter with the tidings; but in him it works no difference outwardly; he has studied closely the merits of his intended son-in-law, and he perceives and recognizes his worth in poverty as in prosperity. The difficulty is how to deal with his daughter, to strike the gay and high-flown city notions from her mind, and bring back again the purity of country life and the principles of true love, for that she loves Clifford he is convinced; it is a proud spirit that will not brook any guidance or control which prevents her acknowledging it and yielding. That this is the case is shown in a very spirited scene indeed, wherein Helen, with an immensity of gay and sparkling maliciousness, assisted by her quiet, bookworm cousin, Modus, and acting upon the instructions of Master Walter, informs Julia of Clifford's fall, and tells her how they will tease and worry him, and what delightful pleasure it will be to call him plain “Master” Clifford, instead of “Sir Thomas”; which calls forth frequent bursts of anger from Julia, showing, though she will not admit it, that her entire love is his.

Master Walter's plans prosper. The new Earl of Rochdale, enchanted by the beauty of Julia, offers her his hand and title, which she declines; but, upon the rupture with Clifford, he makes a second offer, and entrusts it to Master Walter, who acts as agent to him as he did to the deceased Earl, for delivery. This affords incidents for one of the finest scenes in the play. Now that Clifford is poor Julia feels her love return stronger than ever; but her pride is in the way; she will not acknowledge her faults, and he will not seek her. In her angry pettishness she avows her hate for him, and Master Walter, seizing the opportunity, informs her of Lord Rochdale's second offer, descants upon his high position and large estates, and urges her, out of revenge, to accept his proposal, placing the letter before her:

“Write thy own name,  
 And show how near akin thy hate's to hate.”

She does sign; and when it is too late bitterly bemoans her hasty act. The step cannot, however, be retraced, and, accompanied by her guardian, Helen, and her cousin, she proceeds to the Earl's country seat.

Upon their arrival there, one of the most amusing and brilliant comedy scenes ever written ensues between the gay and vivacious Helen, who is really deeply in love with her cousin Modus, but whom she is unable to draw out of a quiet, sleepy, dreamy sort of way, constantly studying Greek and Latin books, more especially “Ovid's Art of Love.”

Pursuing the plan he has formed, Master Walter never ceases to speak of his wealth and position; but he does not fail to see the old love still remains firm.

He tells her a sweetly-written story (which is, however, much curtailed in representation, why, I know not) of a princess and a page, who is seized and confined in a dungeon upon her father discovering their love; but at night another page appears; it is the princess in disguise; the door flies open; a steed is ready to bear them both away to liberty. Enraptured with the tale Julia exclaims;

“ Oh ! happy princess, that had wealth and state,  
To lay them down for love ! ”

and in the most glowing terms reveals how strongly the sentiment reigns within her breast.

At this moment a servant announces that the Earl, who is absent, has sent his secretary with a letter, which he is waiting to deliver. Master Walter, considering it to be a private communication, withdraws, reminding her that the morrow sees her a wedded bride. The secretary is ushered in, and as he announces his errand in low and humble tones, they strike upon her ear as those to which she has been accustomed; her courage fails; she suspects, but dare not satisfy her anxiety; at last, summoning up all her strength, she turns and takes the letter. It is Clifford—plainly clad—yet as handsome and as noble as ever. In brilliantly written language he alludes to the past, but she nerves herself to the task of preserving her position as the promised bride of another; yet when he kneels and implores her pardon, true-love breaks forth, and she throws herself into his arms upon his assurance that the nuptials can be avoided with honor.

These blissful moments are, however, interrupted, by the return of Master Walter, who, recognizing the secretary, orders his immediate withdrawal, at the same time artfully and purposely turning away—giving them time for further converse, and affording an opportunity to Clifford to declare to Julia—

“ The ring that goes thy wedding finger on,  
No hand save mine shall place there ! ”

The marriage morn approaches, and the meeting of Master Walter and Julia brings forth an explanation. It is a magnificently constructed scene, and the language of the finest and most telling kind. He traces her career from childhood upwards; her youth being passed in privacy as her father willed; his selection of a fitting partner; her love for him, and acceptance; their journey to town; and her sudden change. In vain she appeals for pardon, and implores him to prevent the match; kindly, but firmly, he reminds her of her promise; her honor is at stake, and she must nerve herself for the trying ordeal.

Lord Rochdale and the guests arrive, and as a last chance, Julia avows her love for Clifford, and implores to be freed from her promise. A refusal follows—Clifford beseeches her not to give her hand; she hesitates; when the hunchback reminds her that she has a father. With vehement energy she exclaims:

“ Bring him now—  
To see thy Julia justify thy training,  
And lay her life down to redeem her word ! ”

Struck with admiration, he gazes upon her for a moment, then demands of the Earl if it is his wish the nuptials should go on, and being answered in the affirmative, exclaims:

“ Then it is mine they stop ! ”

Then comes the astounding revelation that the hunchback's father, a former Earl of Rochdale, disgusted with his son's deformity, had placed him away when an infant, and had left behind him a written testament only to be opened in case his heir (his younger brother) should die without a son. His heir and son had both died, and consequently Master Walter now becomes Earl of Rochdale. Amazed and bewildered as they are, the company are still more so, when he proclaims Julia to be his daughter, explaining the motives for the concealment, and placing her hand in Clifford's, fully realizes the prophecy that he would bless the day he served the HUNCHBACK !

## REMARKS.

Of the numerous plays written by James Sheridan Knowles, few have been more popular than the present one; indeed, with the exception of "Virginius" (which the celebrated tragedian, Mr. Macready, considered the finest), "William Tell," "The Wife," "The Love Chase," and "The Hunchback," his productions achieved a very moderate success, and, after a brief career, have passed into oblivion.

Whilst but a youth he exhibited a strong predilection for the drama, by writing, at sixteen years of age, a five-act tragedy entitled "The Spanish Story," a piece of very fair average merit. This was followed by "Hersilia," and "The Gypsy," which was acted at Waterford, in Ireland, the celebrated tragedian, Edmund Kean (with whom the author was performing; both then unknown to fame), playing the hero. Then came a melo-drama, entitled "Brian Borioighe," founded upon the history of an Irish prince of that name, who, many centuries ago, defeated the Danes at Clontarf, Ireland, in a very sanguinary battle. Mrs. Knowles represented the heroine, Kean the hero, and the author (who was first singer at the theatre, which shows the versatility of his talent), the high priest. After this came a highly classical play, called "Caius Gracchus," followed by his great Roman play, "Virginius," which was produced at Glasgow, Scotland in April, 1820, and with which Mr. Macready was so highly pleased that he secured its production in London immediately afterwards, and made the leading character one of the greatest of his successes. Then came his fine play of "William Tell," in which Mr. Macready made another hit; and which also proved very successful in Ireland, where the author made a long professional tour, not altogether a very satisfactory one, more especially in his birth-place, the City of Cork, where he met with such a tame reception, more particularly in a pecuniary sense, upon the night of his benefit that he observed to a friend: "My plays are too liberal for the aristocratic illiberals of Ireland—they breathe the noble sentiments of liberty, and such are not the sentiments of the influential classes in Ireland. I do not regret the creation of those sentiments. I am going to a place where the feelings and reality of liberty exist in their most glowing forms—and not the form alone, but the embodied spirit. I am going to America."\*

After "William Tell" came "The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green," founded upon a ballad in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," a drama of faulty construction, and which proved a failure. It was followed by another work, "Alfred the Great"; but, although it had the powerful support of Macready in the principal character, its success was only temporary. We now come to the present play; with respect to which it is best to give the author's introduction to the first edition, published in 1832:

"This comedy owes its existence to the failure of 'The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green,' which was produced under the most unfavorable circumstances, and in the unavoidable absence of the author. I did not like to be baffled, especially, as I thought, without good reason: and, cheered by the generous, enthusiastic advocacy of the *Atlas* (a perfect stranger to me), I set to work upon 'The Hunchback.'

"My friend, Mr. Macready,† who was very angry with me for again attempting a walk in which I had failed—and who came to Glasgow solely, I believe, for the object of expostulating with me,—was the first to encourage me to proceed. I had completed my first act. I read it to him, and he told me to go on. This I thought the

\* This was in 1825, but he did not leave England for the United States until July, 1834.

† The title of one of the leading newspapers published in London at that period.

‡ Although the author alludes thus to Macready, who was his greatest friend and admirer, and had been the means of introducing him so prominently to the public by effecting the production of "Virginius" in London, it is curious to note that in the *Reminiscences* of that eminent tragedian there is not the slightest allusion to this subject. The only times he refers to this play are on August 20, 1832: 'Went to Haymarket to see 'The Hunchback'—a beautiful play very indifferently acted'; and on the following day, August 21: "Wrote criticism on 'The Hunchback'"; but the why or the wherefore does not appear.

happiest of omens, for many a proof had he given me of his admirable judgment in such things. This happened about two years ago.

"It was not, however, until the latter end of the summer of 1831 that I had leisure to proceed with my work. I recommenced it in the pleasant walks about Birmingham, and completed it on the sands of Newhaven—my roomy study; where, at the same time, I remodelled 'Alfred.' I brought both plays up to town with me in April last.

"The Hunchback' was read to Mr. Lee, and instantly accepted by that gentleman, who, without hesitation, granted me terms even more advantageous than those which I required for it from Covent Garden, and to whose polite and liberal deportment towards me, during his brief, divided reign of management, I joyfully take this opportunity of bearing testimony. The play, however, was defective in the under-plot, which was perfectly distinct from the main one. This error Mr. Macready pointed out to me—as did subsequently Mr. Morton, in an elaborate critique as full of kindness as of discrimination. My avocations, however, did not leave me at liberty to revise my work till about two months ago, when I constructed my under-plot anew; and, having done my best to obviate objections, presented 'The Hunchback' to Drury Lane, from which establishment I subsequently withdrew it, because it was not treated with the attention which I thought it merited."

Upon this withdrawal, the author took his play to Covent Garden Theatre, and was so warmly received by the management that he very soon, to quote his own words, "found a home indeed, and among friends."

In little more than a fortnight the play was ready, improved and strengthened by curtailment and condensation, kindly and judiciously suggested by experienced and practical friends, and warmly and gratefully accepted. Its first representation was a great success, owing much (apart from the intrinsic merits) to the fine performances of Miss Fanny Kemble. It subsequently had the advantage of the still finer acting of Miss Ellen Tree (afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean).

The success of the play in London soon caused its production in America, and a piece so brilliantly popular both before and behind the curtain, was first produced at the Park Theatre, New York, June 10, 1832, with the cast mentioned at the commencement. It was also produced the same night at the Richmond Hill Theatre, with Mr. Hilson as *Master Walter*; Mr. Clarke as *Sir Thomas Clifford*; Mrs. Barnes as *Julia*; and Mrs. Hilson as *Helen*; a quartette in point of merit more than a match for the Park competitors, but there, however, the subordinate characters were much superior, and Mr. H. Placide especially won high applause by his perfect embodiment of the droll stupidity of *Fathom*, making it far more effective, as the author afterwards acknowledged, than it had ever been rendered upon the English stage; indeed, it is said that he candidly admitted he had never thought it possible to make the character so attractive. The play was not, however, at first quite so successful as expected; the fine drawn character of the heroine, upon which the author had lavished all his skill and power, failing of its intended effect, until the magic of Fanny Kemble's genius placed it in a position of favor from which the rude handling of many an ignorant *debutante* and many ambitious aspirants for tragic honors have been unable to dislodge it. The sensation created by the appearance of Mr. and Miss Kemble, is stated to have been equalled in kind only in the days of Cooke and the elder Kean, and in duration and intensity, was altogether unparalleled; the intellectual, educated and refined, crowded the theatre when they performed, and during their entire stay their popularity never waned.

On October 15, 1832, it was produced also at the New York Theatre, better known as the Bowery Theatre, with Mr. Hamblin as *Sir Thomas Clifford*, and Miss Vincent as *Julia*; it proved a decided hit.

In 1845 this popular play was again successfully introduced to the public with a powerful array of talent, as will be seen by referring to the cast. That it should succeed, was a moral certainty, the sweet acting of the talented and highly gifted Mrs. Charles Kean being sufficient in itself to ensure success. Gentleman, scholar, and actor, as Mr. Charles Kean was, he was unsuited to the part of Sir Thomas Clifford

both in voice and figure ; of this he was well aware, for it was a character he seldom attempted ; when he did so, I believe it was only done to show off the brilliant ability of his wife.

It was again produced upon the fourth of June, 1847, upon the occasion of a complimentary benefit given to Mrs. James Mason, formerly Miss Emma Wheatley, by a number of leading citizens. She appeared as *Julia*, which is stated to have been her best character, and judging from the accounts handed down, was most ably supported by Mr. Bass as *Master Walter*, Mr. Wheatley as *Sir Thomas Clifford*, Mr. G. Barrett as *Modus*, and Mrs. Abbott as *Helen*. The performance was a great success ; it was Mrs. Mason's last appearance, and in every respect it was a flattering end to a career eminent alike for professional skill and private worth.

It rested now pretty well until the 30th of August, 1862, when it was produced at the Broadway Theatre, with Mr. F. Conway as *Master Walter*, Mr. Grosvenor as *Modus*, Mr. Florence as *Lord Tinsel*, Miss Julia Dean as *Julia*, and Miss Annie Lonsdale as *Helen* ; meeting with very fair success.

But it was reserved until the year 1874 to witness what may literally and truly be called one of the greatest triumphs of this play. In the month of October in that year it was produced at the Union Square Theatre, New York, in a manner, both as regards the acting and the mounting, that, as a whole, has very rarely been surpassed ; indeed, the style in which it was put upon the stage reflected the greatest possible credit upon the liberality of the proprietor, Mr. Sheridan Shook, and the good taste and judgment of the manager, Mr. A. M. Palmer. Mr. F. Robinson's *Master Walter* and the *Sir Thomas Clifford* of Mr. Charles R. Thorne, Jr., were admirably rendered ; the *Modus* of Mr. Stuart Robson and the *Fathom* of Mr. J. E. Irving everything that could be desired. Miss Clara Morris made an excellent *Julia*, and though wanting in some respects the softness and sweetness thrown into the part by her great predecessors, in many instances she rendered the character most powerfully and effectively. I should think a better *Helen* than Miss Kate Claxton has not been seen upon the New York stage for some years, if at all. It has rarely been my lot to see a finer piece of acting or one greeted with louder or more genuine applause than the scene between her and *Modus*, in which they discourse upon Ovid and the art of love. It will be some time, I think, before the masterpiece of Knowles will be better mounted or more effectively acted.


I will here take the opportunity of saying that I am indebted for much of the foregoing material to Mr. Ireland's "History of the New York Stage," which is one of the best works of the kind I have met with, and I tender him my sincere thanks for the information obtained from it, not only for this play, but for others which I have had the honor and pleasure of editing.

J. M. KINGDOM.

### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience ; L. Left ; C. Centre ; R. C. Right of Centre ; L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage ; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat ; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat ; L. D. F. Left Door in the Flat ; R. D. Right Door ; L. D. Left Door ; 1 E. First Entrance ; 2 E. Second Entrance ; U. E. Upper Entrance ; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Grooves.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
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 The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

## BILL FOR PROGRAMMES.

AS ORIGINALLY PLAYED.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—INTERIOR OF A TAVERN.

*A Gallant Carousal—Extravagance, Love, and Wine—An Expectant Earl and his Boon Companions—Arrival of the Hunchback—The Tidings of Death—A Gallant in his Cups—The Quarrel—A Friend in Need—The Story of Sir Thomas Clifford—The Offer of a Wife.*

SCENE II.—THE GARDENS OF MASTER WALTER'S HOUSE.

*The Fair Julia and her Companion Helen—Town and Country Life—The Story of a Loving Guardian—An Unexpected Visitor—Woman's Curiosity.*

SCENE III.—APARTMENT IN MASTER WALTER'S HOUSE.

*Love at First Sight—Sir Thomas Wooes a Rural Bride—Lovers Disturbed—Departure for Town.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—APARTMENT IN MASTER HEARTWELL'S HOUSE.

*Town and Country Servants—Julia Transformed to a City Beauty—High Notions and Late Hours.*

SCENE II.—THE GARDENS OF HEARTWELL'S HOUSE.

*A Meeting of Old Friends—The Pleasures of High Life—Gayety and Love—A Fickle Woman—The Wedding Day Fixed—Visions of Pleasure and Extravagance—A Lover's Remonstrance—"I'll Lead Thee to the Church, and then—Farewell for ever!"*

SCENE III.—A STREET.

*Alarming News—Sir Thomas reduced to Poverty—A Faithful Servant—The Dead come to Life—Anger of Master Walter.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—DRAWING ROOM IN THE EARL OF ROCHDALE'S HOUSE.

*Indignation of his Lordship at Julia's Refusal to Marry—Rank Better than Brains—Birds of a Feather—Fashionable Amusements.*

SCENE II.—APARTMENT IN MASTER HEARTWELL'S HOUSE.

*True Love Runs not Smoothly—Offended Pride—A Woman Crossed and Vexed—The Temptation of a Coronet—Pride is Triumphant, and the Old Love Cast off—News of Clifford's Ruin—Julia's Anguish—An Artful Plot—The Marriage Deeds Prepared.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A ROOM IN THE EARL OF ROCHDALE'S HOUSE.

*Helen and her Cousin Modus—Ovid's Art of Love—Bashful Simplicity—A Lively Trap to catch a Timid Lover—A Bold Resolve—"Hang Ovid's Art of Love! I'll Woo my Cousin!"*

SCENE II.—BANQUETING ROOM IN THE SAME.

*Master Walter and his Ward—The Story of the Princess and the Page—A*

*Message from the Earl of Rochdale—Master Walter's Warning—The Poor Secretary, Sir Thomas Clifford—Bitter Anguish of Julia—Love Overcomes Pride, and Clifford Wins—Unexpected Entrance of the Hunchback—Dismissal of Clifford.*

### ACT V.

SCENE I.—A ROOM IN THE EARL OF ROCHDALE'S HOUSE.

*A Scheming Woman—Helen's Plan for Julia's Flight—A Plot for Marriage—A Simple Lover, and a Woman's Teaching—A Happy Result—Love Victorious.*

SCENE II.—JULIA'S CHAMBER.

*Preparations for the Wedding—Anguish of Julia—Arrival of the Hunchback—Agonizing Appeal of Julia—He Pictures to Her the Sweetness of Her Country Life—There is no Hope—Arrival of the Bridegroom and Guests—Pathetic Appeal of Julia—Refusal of the Bridegroom—Sudden Intervention of Master Walter—Startling Disclosures! The Hunchback is Earl of Rochdale, and Julia his Daughter!—Union of Julia and Sir Thomas Clifford.*

AS PLAYED AT THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—SAME AS ABOVE, ACT I., SCENE II.

### ACT II.

SCENE I.—THE GARDENS OF MASTER WALTER'S COUNTRY HOUSE.

*The incidents described above in Act I., Scenes 2 and 3.*

### ACT III.

SCENE II.—THE GARDENS OF MASTER HEARTWELL'S HOUSE NEAR LONDON.

*The incidents described above in Act II., Scenes 1 and 2.*

SCENE III.—A STREET IN LONDON, SAME AS ACT II., SCENE III.

### ACT IV.

SCENE I.—LIBRARY IN MASTER HEARTWELL'S HOUSE.

*The incidents described above in Act III., Scene 2.*

### ACT V.

SCENE I.—GRAND SALOON IN THE EARL OF ROCHDALE'S HOUSE.

*The incidents described above in Act IV., Scenes 1 and 2.*

### ACT VI.

SCENE I.—THE SAME.

*The incidents described above in Act V., Scenes 1, 2, and 3.*

# THE HUNCHBACK.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A tavern. SIR THOMAS CLIFFORD at a table with wine before him, L. C., MASTER WILFORD, GAYLOVE, HOLDWELL, and SIMPSON, likewise taking wine, at table near R. 2 E.*

WILFORD. Your wine, sirs; your wine; you do not justice to mine host of the Three Tuns, nor credit to yourselves. I swear the beverage is good! It is as palatable poison as you will purchase within a mile round Ludgate. Drink, gentlemen; make free. You know I am a man of expectations, and hold my money as light as the purse in which I carry it.

GAYLOVE. We drink, Master Wilford; not a man of us has been chased as yet.

WILF. But you fill not fairly, sirs. Look at my measure! Wherefore a large glass, if not for a large draught? Fill, I pray you, else let us drink out of thimbles. This will never do for the friends of the nearest of kin to the wealthiest peer in Britain.

GAY. We give you joy, Master Wilford, of the prospect of advancement which has so unexpectedly opened to you.

WILF. Unexpectedly indeed! But yesterday arrived the news that the earl's only son and heir had died, and to-day has the earl himself been seized with a mortal illness. His dissolution is looked for hourly, and I, his cousin in only the third degree, known to him but to be unnoticed by him—a decayed gentleman's son—glad of the title and revenues of a scrivener's clerk—am the undoubted successor to his estates and coronet.

GAY. Have you been sent for?

WILF. No; but I have certified to his agent, Master Walter, the hunchback, my existence and peculiar propinquity; and momentarily expect him here.

GAY. Lives there any one that may dispute your claim—I mean vexatiously?

WILF. Not a man, Master Gaylove. I am the sole remaining branch of the family tree."

GAY. Doubtless you look for much happiness from this change of fortune?

WILF. A world! Three things have I an especial passion for: the finest hound, the finest horse, and the finest wife in the kingdom, Master Gaylove.

GAY. The finest wife!

WILF. Yes, sir; I marry. Once the earldom comes into my line, I shall take measures to perpetuate its remaining there. I marry, sir! I do not say that I shall love. My heart has changed mistresses too

often to settle down in one servitude now, sir. But fill, I pray you, friends. This, if I mistake not, is the day whence I shall date my new fortunes, "and for that reason, hither have I invited you, that having been so long my boon companions, you should be the first to congratulate me."

*Enter WAITER, L. D.*

WAITER You are wanted, Master Wilford.

WILF. By whom?

WAITER One Master Walter.

WILF. His Lordship's agent! News, sirs! Show him in! (*rises.*)

[*Exit WAITER, L. D.*]

My heart's a prophet, sirs—the Earl is dead.

*Enter MASTER WALTER, L. D.*

Well, Master Walter; how accost you me? (*all come forward, except CLIFFORD, R.*)

WALTER. As your impatience shows me you would have me,

My Lord, the Earl of Rochdale!

GAY. Give you joy!

HOLDWELL. All happiness, my lord!

SIMPSON. Long life and health unto your lordship!

"GAY. Come!

"We'll drink to his lordship's health! 'Tis two o'clock.

"We'll e'en carouse till midnight! Health, my lord!"

HOLD. My lord, much joy to you! Huzza! (*all go to the table, fill and drink.*)

"SIMP. Huzza!"

WALT. (L. C.). Give something to the dead!

GAY. Give what?

WALT. Respect!

He has made the living! First to him that's gone

Say "Peace," and then with decency to revels.

GAY. What means the knave by revels? (*advances toward WALTER*)

WALT. Knave!

GAY. Ay, knave!

WALT. Go to! Thou'rt flushed with wine.

GAY. Thou sayest false!

Tho' didst thou need a proof thou speakest true,

I'd give thee one. Thou seest but one lord here,

And I see two!

WALT. Reflect'st thou on my shape?

Thou art a villain!

GAY. Ha!

WALT. A coward too! (*walks from him, L*)

Draw! (*drawing his sword.*)

GAY. Only mark him. how he struts about!

How laughs his straight sword at his noble back.

WALT. Does it? It cuffs thee for a liar, then! (*strikes him with his sword.*)

GAY. A blow?

WALT. (*striking again*). Another, lest you doubt the first!

GAY. His blood on his own head! I'm for you, sir! (*draws.*)

CLIFFORD (*rising, and coming forward, R. of WALTER, and drawing*).

Hold, sir! This quarrel's mine!

WALT. No man shall fight for me, sir!

CLIF. By your leave—  
Your patience, pray! My lord—for so I learn  
Behooves me to accost you—for your own sake  
Draw off your friend!

WALT. Not till we have a bout, sir!

“CLIF. My lord, your happy fortune ill you greet—  
“I’ll greet it those who love you—greeting thus  
“The herald of it!

“WALT. Sir, what’s that to you?  
Let go my sleeve!

“CLIF. My lord, if blood be shed  
“On the fair dawn of your prosperity,  
“Look not to see the brightness of its day.  
“’Twill be o’ercast throughout!”

GAY. My lord, I’m struck!

CLIF. You gave the first blow, and the hardest one!  
Look, sir; if swords you needs must measure, I’m  
Your mate, not he.

WALT. I’m mate for any man!

“CLIF. Draw off your friend, my lord, for your own sake!”

WILF. Come, Gaylove, let us have another room.

GAY. With all my heart, since ’tis your lordship’s will!

WILF. That’s right! Put up! Come, friends!

[*Exeunt WILFORD and friends, R. D.*]

WALT. I’ll follow him!

Why do you hold me? ’Tis not courteous of you!  
“Think’st thou I fear them? Fear! I rate them but  
“As dust! dross! offals! Let me at them—Nay,  
“Call you this kind? then kindness know I not;”  
Nor do I thank you for’t! Let go, I say!

CLIF. Nay, Master Walter, they’re not worth your wrath!

WALT. How know you me for Master Walter? By  
My hunchback, eh?—“my stilts of legs and arms,  
“The fashion more of ape’s, than man’s? Aha!  
“So you have heard them, too—their savage gibes  
“As I pass on—‘There goes my lord!’ aha!”  
God made me, sir, as well as them and you.  
’Sdeath! I demand of you, unhand me, sir! (*arsengaging him-  
self.*)

CLIF. (*puts up his sword*). There, sir, you’re free to follow them! Go  
forth,

And I’ll go, too; so on your wilfulness

Shall fall whate’er of evil may ensue.

Is’t fit to waste your choler on a burr?

“The nothings of the town? whose sport it is

“To break their villain jests on worthy men,

“The graver, still the fitter! Fie, for shame!”

Regard what such would say? So would not I,

No more than heed a cur!

WALT. You’re right, sir; right;  
For twenty crowns! (*puts up his sword*) So there’s my rapier up.  
You’ve done me a good turn against my will,  
Which, like a wayward child, whose pet is off,  
That made him restive under wholesome check,  
I now rightly humbly own, and thank you for.

CLIF. No thanks, good Master Walter, owe you me!  
I’m glad to know you, sir.

WALT. I pray you, tell me  
How did you learn my name? Guessed I not right?  
Was't not my comely hunch that taught it you?

CLIF. I own it.

WALT. Right, I know it; you tell truth.  
I like you for't.

CLIF. But when I heard it said  
That Master Walter was a worthy man,  
Whose word would pass on 'change soon as his bond;  
A liberal man—for schemes of public good  
That sets down tens where others units write;  
A charitable man—the good he does,  
Is told of, not the half—I never more  
Could feel the hunch on Master Walter's back.

WALT. You would not flatter a poor citizen?

CLIF. Indeed, I flatter not.

WALT. I like your face;  
A frank and honest one! Your frame's well knit,  
Proportioned, shaped!

CLIF. Good, sir!

WALT. Your name is Clifford—(CLIF-  
FORD bows)

Sir Thomas Clifford. Humph! You're not the heir  
Direct to the fair baronetcy? He  
That was drowned abroad. Am I not right?  
Your cousin, was't not? So succeeded you  
To rank and wealth your birth ne'er promised you.

CLIF. I see you know my history.

WALT. I do.  
You're lucky who conjoin the benefits  
Of penury and abundance; for I know  
Your father was a man of slender means.  
You do not blush, I see. That's right! Why should you?  
What merit to be dropped on fortune's hill?  
The honor is to mount it. You'd have done it;  
For you were trained to knowledge, industry,  
Frugality, and honesty,—the sinews  
That surest help the climber to the top,  
And keep him there. I have a clerk, Sir Thomas,  
Once served your father; there's the riddle for you.  
Humph! I may thank you for my life to-day.

CLIF. I pray you, say not so!

WALT. But I will say so!  
Because I think so, know so, feel so, sir!  
Your fortune, I have heard, I think, is ample;  
And doubtless you live up to't?

CLIF. 'Twas my plan,  
And is so still, to keep my outlay, sir,  
A span within my means.

WALT. A prudent rule.

"The turf is a seductive pastime!

CLIF. Yes.

WALT. You keep a racing stud? You bet?

CLIF. No, neither.

"'Twas still my father's precept—'Better owe

"A yard of land to labor, than to chance

"Be debtor for a rood!'"

WALT. " 'Twas a wise precept."  
You've a fair house—you'll get a mistress for it ?

CLIF. In time.

WALT. In time ! 'Tis time thy choice were made.  
Is't not so yet ? Or is thy lady-love  
The newest still thou see'st ?

CLIF. Nay, not so.  
I'd marry, Master Walter, but old use—  
For, since the age of thirteen, I have lived  
In the world—has made me jealous of the thing  
That flattered me with hope of profit. Bargains  
Another would snap up might lie for me  
Till I had turned and turned them ! Speculations  
That promised twenty, thirty, forty, fifty,  
Ay, cent. per cent. returns, I would not launch in  
When others were afloat, and out at sea !  
Whereby I made small gains, but missed great losses !  
As ever then I looked before I leaped,  
So do I now.

WALT. Thou'rt all the better for't !  
(*aside*) Let's see ! Hand free—heart whole—well favored—so !  
Rich—titled ! Let that pass—kind, valiant, prudent—  
(*aloud*) Sir Thomas, I can help thee to a wife,  
Hast thou the luck to win her.

CLIF. (*astonished*). • Master Walter !  
You jest !

WALT. I do not jest—I like you ! mark—  
I like you, and I like not every one !  
I say a wife, sir, can I help you to ;  
The pearly texture of whose dainty skin  
Alone were worth thy baronetcy ! Form  
And feature has she, wherein move and glow  
The charms, that in the marble cold and still  
Culled by the sculptor's jealous skill, and joined there,  
Inspire us ! Sir, a maid, before whose feet  
A duke—a duke might lay his coronet,  
To lift her to his state and partner her !  
A fresh heart, too ! A young, fresh heart, sir, one  
That Cupid has not toyed with, and a warm one.  
Fresh, young, and warm ! mark that ! a mind to boot.  
Wit, sir ; sense, taste ; a garden strictly tended—  
Where naught but what is costly flourishes.  
A consort for a king, sir ! Thou shalt see her.

CLIF. I thank you, Master Walter ! (*with spirit*) E'en while you speak,  
Methinks I see me at the altar foot,  
Her hand fast locked in mine—the ring put on,  
My wedding bell ring merry in my ear,  
And round me throng glad tongues that give me joy  
To be the bridegroom of so fair a bride ! (*crosses*.)

WALT. (*aside*). What ! sparks so thick ! We'll have a blaze anon !

*Enter SERVANT, L. D.*

SERV. The chariot's at the door.

WALT. It waits in time.  
Sir Thomas, it shall bear thee to the bower

Where dwells this fair, for she's no city belle,  
But e'en a Sylvan goddess.

CLIF. Have with you !

WALT. You'll bless the day you served the hunchback, sir !\*

[*Exeunt*, L. D.]

SCENE II.—*A garden before a country house.*†

*Enter JULIA and HELEN, R.*

HELEN (L.). I like not, Julia, this, your country life.

I'm weary on't.

JULIA (R.). Indeed ! So am not I !

I know no other ; would no other know.

HELEN. You would no other know ! Would you not know

Another relative ?—another friend—

Another house—another anything,

Because the ones you have already please you ?

That's poor content ! “ Would you not be more rich ? ”

“ More wise, more fair ? ” The song that last you learned

You fancy well, and therefore, shall you learn

No other song ? Your virginal, 'tis true,

Hath a sweet tone ; but does it follow thence,

You shall not have another virginal ?

You *may* love, and a sweeter one, and so

A sweeter life may find, than this you lead !

JULIA. I seek it not. Helen, I'm constancy !

HELEN. So is a cat, a dog, a silly hen,

An owl, a bat—where they are wont to lodge

That still sojourn, nor care to shift their quarters.

Thou'rt constancy ? I'm glad I know thy name !

The spider comes of the same family,

That in his meshy fortress spends his life,

Unless you pull it down, and scare him from it.

“ And so thou'rt constancy ? Art proud of that ? ”

“ I'll warrant thee I'll match thee with a snail,

“ From year to year that never leaves his house !

“ Such constancy, forsooth ! A constant grub

“ That houses ever in the self-same nut

“ Where he was born, 'till hunger drives him out,

“ Or plunder breaketh thro' his castle wall ! ”

And so, in very deed, thou'rt constancy ?

JULIA. Helen, you know the adage of the tree—

I've ta'en the bend. This rural life of mine,

Enjoined me by an unknown father's will,

I've led from infancy. Debarred from hope

Of change, I ne'er have sigh'd for change. The town

To me was like the moon, for any thought

I e'er should visit it—nor was I schooled

To think it half so fair !

HELEN. Not half so fair !

The town's the sun, and thou hast dwelt in night

E'er since thy birth, not to have seen the town !

\* In the version played at the Union Square Theatre, New York, Act I. ends here, and Act II. commences with the following scene.

† Act II., Scene 1, in new version.

Their women there are queens, and kings their men;  
Their houses palaces! (*crosses, R.*)

JULIA (*crosses, L.*). And what of that?  
Have your town palaces a hall like this?  
Couches so fragrant? Walls so high adorned?  
Casements with such festoons, such prospects, Helen,  
As these fair vistas have? Your kings and queens!  
See me a May-day queen, and talk of them.

HELEN. Extremes are ever neighbors. 'Tis a step  
From one to the other! Were thy constancy  
A reasonable thing—a little less  
Of constancy—a woman's constancy—  
I should not wonder wert thou ten years hence  
The maid I know thee now; but as it is,  
The odds are ten to one, that this day year  
Will see our May-day queen a city one.

JULIA. Never! I'm wedded to a country life.  
O, did you hear what Master Walter says?  
Nine times in ten the town's a hollow thing,  
Where what things are, is naught to what they show;  
Where merit's name laughs merit's self to scorn!  
Where friendship and esteem, that ought to be  
The tenants of men's hearts, lodge in their looks  
And tongues alone. Where little virtue, with  
A costly keeper, passes for a heap;  
A heap for none, that have a homely one!  
Where fashion makes the law—your umpire which  
You bow to, whether it have brains or not.  
Where Folly taketh off his cap and bells,  
To clap on Wisdom, which must bear the jest!  
Where, to pass current, you must seem the thing,  
The passive thing that others think you, and not  
Your simple, honest, independent self! (*crosses, R.*)

HELEN. Ay, so says Master Walter. See I not  
What you can find in Master Walter, Julia,  
To be so fond of him!

JULIA. He's fond of me!  
I've known him since I was a child. E'en then  
The week I thought a weary, heavy one,  
That brought not Master Walter. I had those  
About me then that made a fool of me,  
As children oft are fooled; but more I loved  
Good Master Walter's lesson, than the play  
With which they'd surfeit me. As I grew up,  
More frequent Master Walter came, and more  
I loved to see him. I had tutors then,  
Men of great skill and learning—but not one  
That taught like Master Walter. What they'd show me,  
And I, dull as I was, but doubtful saw—  
A word from Master Walter made as clear  
As daylight. When my schooling days were o'er—  
That's now good three years past—three years—I vow  
I'm twenty, Helen—well, as I was saying,  
When I had done with school, and all were gone,  
Still Master Walter came, and still he comes,  
Summer or winter—frost or rain. I've seen

The snow upon a level with the hedge,  
Yet there was Master Walter!

HELEN (*crosses, L.*). Who comes here?  
A carriage, and a gay one—who alights?  
Pshaw! Only Master Walter! What see you,  
Which thus repairs the arch of the fair brow  
A frown was like to spoil? A gentleman!  
One of our town kings! Mark—how say you now?  
Would'st be a town queen, Julia? (*archly*) Which of us,  
I wonder, comes he for?

JULIA. For neither of us;  
He's Master Walter's clerk, most like.

HELEN. Most like!  
Mark him as he comes up the avenue;  
So looks a clerk! A clerk has such a gait!  
So does a clerk dress, Julia—mind his hose—  
They're very like a clerk's! a diamond loop  
And button, note you, for his clerkship's hat—  
O, certainly a clerk! "A velvet cloak,  
"Jerkin of silk, and doublet of the same—"  
For all the world a clerk! See, Julia, see  
How Master Walter bows, and yields him place,  
That he may first go in—a very clerk!

JULIA. I wonder who he is?

HELEN. Would'st like to know?  
Would'st for a fancy, ride to town with him?  
I prophesy he comes to take thee thither.

JULIA. He ne'er takes me to town. No, Helen, no,  
To town who will—a country life for me!

HELEN. We'll see! (*crosses to R.*)

*Enter FATHOM, L. C., and advances.*

FATHOM (C.). You're wanted, madam.

JULIA (*embarrassed*). Which of us?

FATH. You, madam.

HELEN. Julia, what's the matter? Nay,  
Mount not the rose so soon. He must not see it  
A month hence. 'Tis love's flower, which once she wears,  
The maid is all his own.

JULIA. Go to!

HELEN. Be sure! (*crosses, L.*)  
He comes to woo thee! He will bear thee hence;  
He'll make thee change the country for the town.

JULIA. I'm constancy. Name he the town to me,  
I'll tell him what I think on't! (*crosses, R.*)

HELEN. Then you guess  
He comes a-wooing?

JULIA. I guess naught.

HELEN. You do!  
At your grave words, your lips, more honest, smile,  
And show them to be traitors. Hie to him.

JULIA. Hie thee to soberness!

[*Exit by steps, L., followed part of the way by HELEN.*]

HELEN. Ay, will I, when  
Thy bridemaid, I shall hie to church with thee.  
Well, Fathom, who is come? (*comes down, L.*)

FATH. I know not.

HELEN. What!

Did'st thou not hear his name?

FATH. I did.

HELEN. What is't?

FATH. I noted not.

HELEN. What hast thou ears for, then?

FATH. What good were it for me to mind his name?

I do but what I must. To do that

Is labor quite enough.

WALT. (*without*, L.). Fathom!

FATH. Here!

WALT. (*entering*, c.). Here, sirrah! Wherefore did'st not come to me?

FATH. You did not bid me come.

WALT. I called thee!

FATH. Yes,

And I said, "Here!" and waited then to know

Your worship's will with me.

WALT. We go to town—

Thy mistress, thou, and all the house.

FATH. Well, sir?

WALT. (c.). Mak'st thou not ready, then, to go to town?

FATH. You didn't bid me to make ready, sir!

WALT. Hence, knave, dispatch!

[*Exit FATHOM*, L.]

HELEN. Go we to town?

WALT. We do;

'Tis now her father's will she sees the town.

HELEN. I'm glad on't. Goes she to her father?

WALT. No;

With the consent of thine, she for a term

Shares roof with thee.

HELEN. I'm very glad on't.

WALT. What!

You like her, then? I thought you would. 'Tis time  
She sees the town.

HELEN. It has been time for that,

These six years.

WALT. By thy wisdom's count. No doubt

You've told her what a precious place it is.

HELEN. I have.

WALT. I even guessed as much. For that

I told thee of her; brought thee here to see her;

And prayed thee to sojourn a space with her;

That its fair face, from thy too fair report,

Might strike a novice less—so less deceive her.

I did not put thee under check.

HELEN. 'Twas right—

Else I had broken loose and run the wilder!

So knows she not her father yet? That's strange;

I prithee how does mine?

WALT. Well—very well.

News for thee.

HELEN. What?

WALT. Thy cousin is in town.

HELEN. My cousin, Modus?

WALT. Much do I suspect

That cousin's nearer to thy heart than blood.

HELEN. Pshaw ! Wed me to a musty library ?  
 Love him who nothing loves but Greek and Latin ?  
 But, Master Walter, you forget the main,  
 Surpassing point of all. Who's come with you ?

WALT. Ay, that's the question !

HELEN. Is he soldier or  
 Civilian ? lord or gentleman ? He's rich,  
 If that's his chariot. Where is his estate ?  
 What brings it in ? Six thousand pounds a year ?  
 Twelve thousand, may be ? Is he bachelor,  
 Or husband ? Bachelor, I'm sure he is !  
 Comes he not hither wooing, Master Walter ?  
 Nay, prithee, answer me !

WALT. Who says thy sex  
 Are curious ? That they're patient, I'll be sworn,  
 And reasonable—very reasonable—  
 To look for twenty answers in a breath !  
 Come, thou shalt be enlightened—but propound  
 Thy questions one by one. Thou'rt far too apt  
 A scholar ! My ability to teach  
 Will ne'er keep pace, I fear, with thine to learn.

[Exit, L. 1 E.]

SCENE III.—*An apartment in the house.\**

*Enter JULIA, followed by CLIFFORD, L. C.*

JULIA. No more ! I pray you, sir, no more !

CLIF. I love you !

JULIA. You mock me, sir !

CLIF. Then is there no such thing  
 On earth as reverence ? Honor filial, the fear  
 Of kings, the awe of Supreme Heaven itself,  
 Are only shows and sounds that stand for nothing.  
 I love you.

JULIA. You have known me scarce a minute.

CLIF. Say but a moment, still I say I love you.  
 Love's not a flower that grows on the dull earth ;  
 Springs by the calendar ; must wait for sun—  
 For rain ; matures by parts—must take its time  
 To stem, to leaf, to bud, to blow. It owns  
 A richer soil, and boasts a quicker seed !  
 You look for it, and see it not, and lo !  
 E'en while you look, the peerless flower is up,  
 Consummate in the birth !

JULIA. "Is't fear I feel ?  
 "Why else should beat my heart ? It can't be fear !  
 "Something I needs must say." You're from the town !  
 How comes it, sir, you seek a country wife ?  
 "(aside) Methinks 'twill tax his wit to answer that."

CLIF. In joining contrasts lieth love's delight.  
 Complexion, stature, nature mateth it,  
 Not with their kinds, but with their opposites.  
 Hence, hands of snow in palms of russet lie ;  
 The form of Hercules effects the sylph's,

\* In the Union Square version there is no change of Scene.

And breasts that case the lion's fear-proof heart,  
Find their loved lodge in arms where tremors dwell !  
"Haply for this, on Afric's swarthy neck,  
"Hath Europe's priceless pearl been seen to hang,  
"That makes the Orient poor! So with degrees—  
"Rank passes by the circlet-graced brow,  
"Upon the forehead bare of notelessness,  
"To print the nuptial kiss. As with degrees,  
"So is't with habits ;" therefore, I, indeed,  
A gallant of the town, the town forsake,  
To win a country bride.

JULIA (*aside*) His prompt reply,  
"My backward challenge shames! Must I give o'er?  
"I'll try his wit again." (*aloud*) Who marries me,  
Must lead a country life.

CLIF. The life I love !  
But fools would fly from it ; for, oh, 'tis sweet !  
It finds the heart out, be there one to find,  
And corners in't where stores of pleasures lodge,  
We never dreamed were there ! It is to dwell  
'Mid smiles that are not neighbors to deceit ;  
Music, whose melody is of the heart,  
"And gifts that are not made for interest—  
"Abundantly bestowed, by nature's cheek,  
"And voice, and hand ! It is to live on life,  
"And husband it !" It is to constant scan  
The handiwork of Heaven ! It is to con  
Its mercy, bounty, wisdom, power ! It is  
To nearer see our God !

JULIA (*aside*). How like he talks  
To Master Walter ! "Shall I give it o'er ?  
"Not yet." (*aloud*) Thou would'st not live one half a year !  
A quarter might'st thou for the novelty  
Of fields and trees ; but then it needs must be  
In summer time, when they go dressed.

CLIF. "Not it!"  
In any time—say winter ! Fields and trees  
Have charms for me in very winter time.

JULIA. But snow may clothe them then.

CLIF. I like them full  
As well in snow.

JULIA. You do ?

CLIF. I do !

JULIA. But night  
Will hide both snow and them ; and that sets in  
Ere afternoon is out. A heavy thing,  
A country fireside in a winter's night,  
To one bred in the town—"where winter's said,  
"For sun of gayety and sportiveness,  
"To beggar shining summer."

CLIF. I should like  
A country winter's night especially !

JULIA. You'd sleep by the fire.

CLIF. Not I ; I'd talk to thee.

JULIA. You'd tire of that !

WALTER and HELEN enter, L. U. E., and pause.

CLIF. I'd read to thee.

JULIA. And that!

CLIF. I'd talk to thee again.

JULIA. And sooner tire

Than first you did, and fall asleep at last.

"You'd never do to lead a country life."

CLIF. "You deal too hardly with me!" Matchless maid,

"As loved instructor brightens dullest wit,"

Fear not to undertake the charge of me! (*kneels*)

A willing pupil kneels to thee, and lays

His title and his fortune at your feet.

"JULIA (*aside*). His title and his fortune!" (*WALTER and HELEN advance.*

JULIA, *disconcerted, retires with the latter, R. CLIFFORD rises.*)

WALT.

So, Sir Thomas!

Aha! you husband time! well, was I right?

Is't not the jewel that I told you 'twas?

Would'st thou not give thine eyes to wear it, eh?

It has an owner, tho'—nay, start not—one

That may be brought to part with't, and with whom

I'll stand thy friend—I will—I say, I will!

A strange man, sir, and unaccountable;

But I can humor him—will humor him

For thy sake, good Sir Thomas, for I like thee.

Well, is't a bargain? Come, thy hand upon it.

A word or two with thee. (*they retire, L. JULIA and HELEN come forward, R.*)

JULIA (*L.*).

Go up to town!

HELEN (*R.*). Have I not said it ten times o'er to thee?

But if thou lik'st it not, protest against it.

JULIA. Not if 'tis Master Walter's will.

HELEN.

What then?

Thou would'st not break thy heart for Master Walter?

JULIA. That follows not!

HELEN.

What follows not?

JULIA.

That I

Should break my heart that I go up to town.

HELEN. Indeed! Oh, that's another matter. Well,

I'd e'en advise thee, then, to do his will;

And ever after, when I prophesy,

Believe me, Julia. (*they retire. MASTER WALTER comes forward.*)

*Enter FATHOM, L. I E., crosses to WALTER.*

FATH. So please you, sir, a letter—a post-haste letter! The bearer on horseback, the horse in a foam—smoking like a boiler at the heat—be sure a post-haste letter.

WALT. Look to the horse and rider.

[*Exit FATHOM, L.*

(*opens the letter and reads*) "What's this? A testament addressed to me,

"Found in his Lordship's *escrtoire*, and thence

"Directed to be taken by no hand

"But mine. My presence instantly required." (*SIR THOMAS, JULIA, and HELEN come forward*)

Come, my mistresses,

You dine in town to-day. Your father's will

It is, my Julia, that you see the world,

And thou shalt see it in its best attire—  
 Its gayest looks—its richest finery  
 It shall put on for thee that thou may'st judge  
 Betwixt it and the rural life you've lived.  
 Business of moment I'm but just advised of,  
 Touching the will of my late noble master,  
 The Earl of Rochdale, recently deceased,  
 Commands me for a time to leave thee there.  
 Sir Thomas, hand her to the chariot.

SIR THOMAS crosses to JULIA, and taking her hand leads her towards the steps, c., there they pause, and turn to look back. WALTER takes HELEN'S hand, and when he finishes speaking, hands her towards the steps as the curtain descends.

Nay, I tell thee true. We go indeed to town! [Exeunt.

CURTAIN.\*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in MASTER HEARTWELL'S house.*

*Enter THOMAS and FATHOM, L. 2 E.*

THOMAS. Well, Fathom, is thy mistress up?

FATH. She is, Master Thomas, and breakfasted.

THOM. She stands it well! 'Twas five, you say, when she came home, and wants it now three-quarters of an hour of ten! Wait till her stock of country health is out.

FATH. 'Twill come to that, Master Thomas, before she lives another month in town. Three, four, five, six o'clock, are now the hours she keeps. 'Twas otherwise with her in the country. There my mistress used to rise what time she now lies down.

THOM. Why, yes; she's changed since she came hither.

FATH. Changed, do you say, Master Thomas? Changed forsooth! I know not the thing in which she is not changed, saving that she is still a woman. I tell thee, there is no keeping pace with her moods. In the country, she had none of them. When I brought what she asked for, it was "Thank you, Fathom," and no more to do; but now nothing contents her. Hark ye! were you a gentleman, Master Thomas—for then, you know, you would be a different kind of a man—how many times would you have your coat altered?

THOM. Why, Master Fathom, as many times as it would take to make it fit me.

FATH. Good! But supposing it fitted thee at first?

THOM. Then would I have it altered not at all.

FATH. Good! Thou would'st be a reasonable gentleman. Thou would'st have a conscience. Now hark to a tale about my lady's last gown. How many times think you, took I it back to the seamstress?

THOM. Thrice, may be.

FATH. Thrice, may be! Twenty times, may be and not a turn too

\* In the Union Square version, Act II ends here, and Act III. commences with the next Scene, but differently arranged.

many for the truth on't. Twenty times, on the oath of the seamstress. Now mark me—can you count?

THOM. After a fashion.

FATH. You have much to be thankful for, Master Thomas; you London serving-men know a world of things which we in the country never dream of. Now mark—four times took I it back for the flounce; twice for the sleeves; thrice for the tucker. How many times in all is that?

THOM. Eight times to a fraction, Master Fathom.

FATH. What a master of figures you are! Eight times—now recollect that! And then found she fault with the trimmings. Now, tell me, how many times took I back the gown for the trimmings?

THOM. Eight times more, perhaps.

FATH. Ten times to a certainty. How many times makes that?

THOM. Eighteen, Master Fathom, by the rule of addition.

FATH. And how many times more will make twenty?

THOM. Twice, by the same rule.

FATH. Thou hast worked with thy pencil and slate, Master Thomas. Well, ten times, as I said, took I back the gown for the trimmings! and was she content after all? I warrant you, no, or my ears did not pay for it. She wished, she said, that the slattern seamstress had not touched the gown; for naught had she done but botched it. Now, what think you, had the seamstress done to the gown?

THOM. To surmise that, I must be learned in the seamstress's art.

FATH. The seamstress's art! Thou hast hit it! Oh, the sweet seamstress! The excellent seamstress! Mistress of her scissors and needles, which are pointless and edgeless to her art! The seamstress had done nothing to the gown, yet raves and storms my mistress at her for having botched it in the making and mending; and orders her straight to make another one, which home the seamstress brings on Tuesday last.

THOM. And found thy fair mistress as many faults with that?

FATH. Not one! She finds it a very pattern of a gown! A well-sitting flounce! The sleeves a fit—the tucker a fit—the trimmings her fancy to a T—ha, ha, ha! and she praised the seamstress—ha, ha, ha! and she smiles at me, and I smile—ha, ha, ha! and the seamstress smiles—ha, ha, ha! Now, why did the seamstress smile?

THOM. That she had succeeded so well in her art.

FATH. Thou hast hit it again. The jade must have been born a seamstress. If ever I marry, she shall work for my wife. The gown was the same gown, and there was my mistress's twentieth mood.

THOM. What think you will Master Walter say when he comes back? I fear he'll hardly know his country maid again. Has she yet fixed her wedding-day?

FATH. She has, Master Thomas. I coaxed it from her maid. She marries Monday week.

THOM. Comes not Master Walter back to-day?

FATH. Your Master expects him. (*bell ringing, L.*) Perhaps that's he. I prithee, go and open the door; do, Master Thomas, do; for, proves it my master, he'll surely question me.

THOM. And what should I do?

FATH. Answer him, Master Thomas and make him none the wiser. He'll go mad when he learns how my lady flaunts it. Go, open the door, I prithee. Fifty things, Master Thomas, know you, for one thing that I know; you can turn and twist a matter into any other kind of matter, and then twist and turn it back again, if needs be; so much you servants of the town beat us of the country, Master Thomas. Open the door, now; do, Master Thomas, do!

[*Exeunt, L. 1 E.*]

SCENE II.—*A garden with two arbors, R. and L.\**

*Enter MASTER HEARTWELL, R. 1 E., and MASTER WALTER, L. 1 E.*

HEART. Good Master Walter, welcome back again!

WALT. I'm glad to see you, Master Heartwell.

HEART. How,  
I pray you, sped the weighty bus'ness which  
So sudden called you hence?

WALT. Weighty, indeed!  
What thou would'st ne'er expect—wilt scarce believe!  
Long hidden wrong, wondrously come to light,  
And great right done. But more of this anon.  
Now of my ward discourse! Likes she the town?  
How does she? Is she well? Can'st match me her  
Amongst your city maids?

HEART. Nor court ones neither!  
She far outstrips them all!

WALT. I knew she would.  
What else could follow in a maid so bred?  
A pure mind, Master Heartwell—not a taint  
From intercourse with the distempered town,  
With which all contact was walled out; until,  
Matured in soundness, I could trust her to it,  
And sleep amidst infection. (*they cross.*)

HEART. Master Walter!

WALT. Well?

HEART. Tell me, prithee, which is likelier  
To plough a sea in safety?—he that's wont  
To sail in it—or he that by the *chart*  
Is master of its soundings, bearings—knows  
Its headlands, havens, currents—where 'tis bold,  
And where behooves to keep a good look out—  
The one will swim where sinks the other one?

WALT. The drift of this?

HEART. Do you not guess it?

WALT. Humph!

HEART. If you would train a maid to live in town  
Breed her not in the country.

WALT. Say you so?  
And stands she not the test?

HEART. As snow stands fire!  
Your country maid has melted all away,  
And plays the city lady to the height—  
Her mornings gives to mercers, milliners,  
Shoemakers, jewellers, and haberdashers;  
Her noons to calls; her afternoons to dressing;  
Evenings to plays or cards, and nights to routs,  
Balls, masquerades! Sleep only ends the riot,  
Which waking still begins!

WALT. I'm all amaze!  
How bears Sir Thomas this?

HEART. (*shruggingly.*) Why, patiently;  
Though one can see, with pain.

WALT. She loves him? Ha!

\* There is no change of Scene in the Union Square version.

That shrug is doubt! She'd ne'er consent to wed him,  
 Unless she loved him—never! Her young fancy,  
 The pleasures of the town—new things—have caught.  
 Anon their hold will slacken; she'll become  
 Her former self again; to its old train  
 Of sober feelings will her heart return,  
 And then she'll give it wholly to the man  
 Her virgin wishes chose! (*crosses, R.*)

HEART. Here comes Sir Thomas,  
 "And with him Master Modus."

WALT. Let (them) him pass;  
 I would not see him till I speak with her. (*they retire into the arbor, L. U. E.*)

*Enter CLIFFORD and MODUS, L. 1 E.*

CLIF. A dreadful question is it, when we love,  
 To ask if love's returned! I did believe  
 Fair Julia's heart was mine—I doubt it now.  
 But once last night she danced with me, her hand  
 To this gallant and that engaged, as soon  
 As asked for! "Maid that loved would scarce do this!"  
 "Nor visit we together as we used,  
 "When first she came to town." She loves me less  
 Than once she did—or loves me not at all. (*crosses, L.*)

"MOD. I'm little skilled, Sir Thomas, in the world;  
 "What mean you now to do?"

"CLIF. Remonstrate with her!  
 "Come to an understanding, and at once—"  
 If she repents her promise to be mine,  
 (*pauses to think*) Absolve her from it—and say farewell to her.  
 (*crosses, towards R.*)

"MOD. Lo, then, your opportunity"—she comes—(*he retires up the stage, R.*)  
 "My cousin with her—her will I engage,  
 "Whilst you converse together.

"CLIF. Nay, not yet!  
 "My heart turns coward at the sight of her.  
 "Stay till it finds new courage! Let them pass!"

*Enter JULIA and HELEN, R. 1 E.*

HELEN. So, Monday week will say good morn to thee  
 A maid, and bid good night a sober wife!

JULIA. That Monday week, I trust, will never come  
 That brags to make a sober wife of me!

HELEN. How changed you are, my Julia!

JULIA. Change makes change.

HELEN. Why wedd'st thou, then?

JULIA. Because I promised him.

HELEN. Thou lov'st him?

JULIA. Do I?

HELEN. He's a man to love;  
 A right well-favored man!

JULIA. Your point's well-favored.

Where did you purchase it? "In Gracechurch street?"

HELEN. Pshaw! never mind my point, but talk of him.

JULIA. I'd rather talk with thee about the lace.  
Where bought you it? In Gracechurch street, Cheapside,  
Whitechapel, Little Britain? Can't you say  
Where 'twas you bought the lace?

HELEN. In Cheapside, then.  
And now, then, to Sir Thomas! He is just  
The height I like a man.

JULIA. Thy feather's just  
The height I like a feather! Mine's too long!  
What shall I give thee in exchange for it?

HELEN. What shall I give thee for a minute's talk  
About Sir Thomas?

JULIA. Why, thy feather.

HELEN. Take it!

"CLIF. (*aside to MODUS*). What! likes she not to speak of me?"

HELEN. And now  
Let's talk about Sir Thomas—"Much, I'm sure,  
"He loves you.

"JULIA. Much, I'm sure, he has a right!  
"Those know I who would give their eyes to be  
"Sir Thomas, for my sake!

"HELEN. Such, too, know I.  
"But 'mong them none can compare with him,  
"Not one so graceful.

"JULIA. What a graceful set  
"Your feather has!

"HELEN. Nay, give it back to me  
"Unless you pay me for't.

"JULIA. What was't to get?

"HELEN. A minute's talk with thee about Sir Thomas."

JULIA. Talk of his title and his fortune then.

"CLIF. (*aside*). Indeed! I would not listen, yet I must!

"JULIA." An ample fortune, Helen! I shall be  
A happy wife! What routs, what balls, what masques,  
What gala days!

"CLIF. (*aside*). For these she marries me!  
"She'll talk of these!

"JULIA." Think not, when I am wed,  
I'll keep the house as owlet does her tower,  
Alone—when every other bird's on wing.  
I'll use my palfrey, Helen, and my coach;  
My barge, too, for excursions on the Thames;  
"What drives to Barnet, Hackney, Islington!"  
What rides to Epping, Hounslow, and Blackheath!  
What sails to Greenwich, Woolwich, Fulham, Kew!  
I'll set a pattern to your lady wives!

CLIF. (*aside, R. C.*). Ay, lady? Trust me, not at my expense.

JULIA. And what a wardrobe! I'll have change of suits  
For every day in the year! and sets for days!  
My morning dress, my noon dress, dinner dress,  
And evening dress! Then will I show you lace  
A foot deep, can I purchase it; if not,  
I'll specially bespeak it. Diamonds, too!  
Not buckles, rings, and earrings only—but  
Whole necklaces and stomachers of gems!  
I'll shine! be sure I will.

"CLIF. (*aside*). Then shine away;

"Who covets thee may wear thee; I'm not he!"

"JULIA. And then my title! Soon as I put on  
 "The ring I'm Lady Clifford. So I take  
 "Precedence of plain mistress, were she e'en  
 "The richest heiress in the land! At town  
 "Or country ball you'll see me take the lead,  
 "While wives that carry on their backs the wealth  
 "To dower a princess shall give place to me;—  
 "Will I not profit, think you, by my right?  
 "Be sure I will! Marriage shall prove to me  
 "A never-ending pageant. Every day  
 "Shall show how I am spoused!" I will be known  
 For Lady Clifford all the city through,  
 And fifty miles the country round about.  
 Wife of Sir Thomas Clifford, baronet—  
 Not perishable knight; who, when he makes  
 A lady of me, doubtless must expect  
 To see me play the part of one. (*crosses, L.*)

CLIF. (*comes forward, R. C.*) Most true,  
 But not the part which you design to play.

JULIA. A list'ner, sir!

CLIF. By chance and not intent.

*He pauses; HELEN exchanges glances with him; he bows; she returns the compliment, and exits, R. U. E., leaving CLIFFORD R. C., JULIA L. C.*

Your speech was forced upon mine ear, that ne'er  
 More thankless duty to my heart discharged!  
 Would for that heart it ne'er had known the sense  
 Which tells it 'tis a bankrupt there, where most  
 It coveted to be rich, and thought it was so!  
 Oh, Julia! is it you? Could I have set  
 A coronet upon that stately brow,  
 Where partial nature hath already bound  
 A brighter circlet—radiant beauty's own—  
 I had been proud to see thee proud of it—  
 So for the donor thou had'st ta'en the gift,  
 Not for the gift ta'en him. Could I have poured  
 The wealth of richest Cræsus in thy lap,  
 I had been blest to see thee scatter it,  
 So I were still thy riches paramount.

JULIA. Know you me, sir?

CLIF. I do! On Monday week  
 We were to wed, and are, so you're content  
 The day that weds, wives you to be widowed. Take  
 The privilege of my wife; be Lady Clifford!  
 Outshine thy title in the wearing on't!  
 My coffers, lands, are all at thy command;  
 Wear all! but, for myself, she wears not me,  
 "Although the coveted of every eye,"  
 Who would not wear me for myself alone. (*crosses, L.*)

JULIA. And do you carry it so proudly, sir?

CLIF. Proudly, but still more sorrowfully, lady!  
 I'll lead thee to the church on Monday week.  
 Till then, farewell! and then—farewell forever! (*takes off his hat*)  
 Oh, Julia, I have ventured for thy love,

As the bold merchant, who, for only hope  
Of some rich gain, all former gains will risk!  
Before I asked a portion of thy heart,  
I periled all my own, and now, all's lost!

[*Exit*, L. 1 E. "MODUS follows him."

JULIA. Helen! (*HELEN re-enters.*)

HELEN. What ails you, sweet?

JULIA. I cannot breathe—quick, loose my girdle, oh! (*faints.* WALTER and HEARTWELL, *come forward.*)

WALT. Good Master Heartwell, help to take her in,  
Whilst I make after him—and look to her!  
Unlucky chance that took me out of town!

[*Exit* WALTER, L. 1 E. HEARTWELL bears off JULIA, R. 2 E., HELEN following.

### SCENE III.\*—*The street.*

*Enter* CLIFFORD, L., and STEPHEN, R., *meeting.*

STEPHEN. Letters, Sir Thomas.

CLIF. Take them home again;  
I shall not read them now.

STEPH. Your pardon, sir,  
But there is one directed strangely. (*examining it.*)

CLIF. How?

STEPH. "To Master Clifford, gentleman; now styled  
Sir Thomas Clifford, baronet."

CLIF. Indeed!

Whence comes that letter?

STEPH. From abroad!

CLIF. Which is it?

STEPH. So please you, this, Sir Thomas.

CLIF. Give it to me. (*takes it and crosses, L., reading.*)

STEPH. (*aside*). That letter brings not news to wish him joy upon. If he was disturbed before, which I guessed by his looks he was, he is not more at ease now. His hand to his head! A most unwelcome letter! If it brings him news of disaster, fortune does not give him his deserts; for never waited servant upon a kinder master.

CLIF. Stephen!

STEPH. Sir Thomas!

CLIF. From my door remove  
The plate that bears my name.

STEPH. The plate, Sir Thomas?

CLIF. The plate. Collect my servants and instruct them  
All to make out their claims unto the end  
Of their respective terms, and give them in  
To my steward. Him and them apprise, good fellow,  
That I keep house no more. "As you go home,  
"Call at my coachmaker's, and bid him stop  
"The carriage I bespoke. The one I have  
"Send with my horses to the mart whereat  
"Such things are sold by auction—they're for sale.  
"Pack up my wardrobe—have my trunks conveyed  
"To the inn in the next street"—and when that's done,

---

\* Scene 2 in the Union Square version.

Go to my tradesmen, and collect their bills,  
And bring them to me at the inn.

STEPH. The inn?

CLIF. Yes; I go home no more. Why, what's the matter?  
What has fallen out to make your eyes fill up?  
You'll get another place. I'll certify  
You're honest and industrious, and all  
That a servant ought to be.

STEPH. I see, Sir Thomas,  
Some great misfortune has befallen you.

CLIF. No!  
I've health; I've strength; my reason, Stephen, and  
A heart that's clear in truth, with trust in God.  
No great disaster can befall the man  
Who's still possessed of these! "Good fellow, leave me!  
"What you would learn, and have a right to know,  
"I would not tell you now. Good Stephen, hence!"  
Mischance has fallen on me—but what of that?  
Mischance has fallen on many a better man.  
"I prithee, leave me. I grow sadder while  
"I see the eye with which you view my grief.  
"Sdeath, they will out! I would have been a man,  
"Had you been less a kind and gentle one."  
Now, as you love me, leave me.

STEPH. Never master  
So well deserved the love of him that served him.

[Exit STEPHEN, R.]

CLIF. Misfortune liketh company; it seldom  
Visits its friends alone. Ha, Master Walter,  
And ruffled, too! I'm in no mood for him.

*Enter MASTER WALTER, L.*

WALT. So, sir—Sir Thomas Clifford—what with speed  
And choler—I do gasp for want of breath!

CLIF. Well, Master Walter?

WALT. You're a rash young man, sir!  
Strong-headed and wrong-headed—and I fear, sir,  
Not over delicate in that fine sense  
Which men of honor pride themselves upon, sir!

CLIF. Well, Master Walter?

WALT. A young woman's heart, sir,  
Is not a stone to carve a posy on!  
Which knows not what is writ on't—which you may buy,  
Exchange, or sell, sir—keep or give away, sir;  
It is a richer, yet a poorer thing!  
Priceless to him that owns and prizes it;  
Worthless when owned, not prized; which makes the man  
That covets it, obtains it, and discards it—  
A fool, if not a villain, sir!

CLIF. Well, sir?

WALT. You never loved my ward, sir!

CLIF. The bright heavens, sir,  
Bear witness that I did!

WALT. The bright heavens, sir,  
Bear not false witness. That you loved her not  
Is clear—for had you loved her, you'd have plucked

Your heart from out your breast, 'ere cast her from your heart !

Old as I am, I know what passion is.

"It is the summer's heat, sir, which in vain

"We look for frost in ! Ice, like you, sir, knows

But little of such heat !" We're wronged, sir, wronged !

"You wear a sword, and so do I !

CLIF.

Well, sir !

"WALT. You know the use, sir, of a sword ?"

CLIF.

"I do.

"To whip a knave, sir, or an honest man —

"A wise man or a fool—atone for wrong,

"Or double the amount on't." Master Walter,\*

Touching your ward, if wrong is done, I think

On my side lies the grievance. "I would not say so

"Did I not think so." As for love—look, sir,

That hand's a widower's, to its first mate sworn

To clasp no second one. As for amends, sir,

You're free to get them from a man in whom

You've been forestalled by fortune, 'in the spite

"Which she has vented on him, if you still

"Esteem him worth your anger." Please you read

That letter. (*hands letter*) Now, sir, judge if life is dear,

To one so much a loser.

WALT.

What, all gone !

Thy cousin living they reported dead !

CLIF.

Title and land, sir, unto which, add love ;

All gone, save life—and honor—which, ere I'll lose,

I'll let the other go !

WALT.

We're public here,

And may be interrupted. Let us seek

Some spot of privacy. Your letter, sir ! (*gives it back*)

Tho' fortune slights you, I'll not slight you ! Not

Your title or the lack of it I heed.

Whether upon the score of love or hate,

With you, and you alone, I settle, sir !

We've gone too far. 'Twere folly now to part

Without a reckoning.

CLIF.

Just as you please.

WALT. You've done a noble lady wrong.

CLIF.

That lady

Has done me wrong.

WALT.

Go to ! Thou art a boy

Fit to be trusted with a plaything, not

A woman's heart ! Thou know'st not what it is !

Which I will soon prove to thee, soon as we find

Convenient place. Come on, sir ! you shall get

A lesson that shall serve you for the rest

O' your life. I'll make you own, her, sir, a piece

Of Nature's handiwork, as costly, free

From bias, flaw, and fair as ever yet

Her cunning hand turned out. Come on, sir—come !

[*Exeunt, L.*

CURTAIN.†

\* Clifford's reply commences here in the representation—his cue being, *Wronged, sir, wrong'd !*

† This Scene ends Act III. in the Union Square version, and the Fourth Act commences with Scene 2 of the next Act. The first Scene is entirely omitted in that version, and I have seen it done also where the original version was played.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A drawing-room.*

*Enter LORD TINSEL and the EARL OF ROCHDALE, L.*

TINSEL. Refuse a lord! A saucy lady, this.

I scarce can credit it.

ROCH. She'll change her mind.

My agent, Master Walter, is her guardian.

TIN. How can you keep that Hunchback in his office?  
He mocks you.

ROCH. He is useful. Never heed him.

My offer now do I present through him.

He has the title-deeds of my estates.

She'll listen to their wooing. I must have her,

Not that I love her, but that all allow

She's fairest of the fair.

TIN. Distinguish well;

'Twere most unseemly for a lord to love!

Leave that to commoners. 'Tis vulgar. She's

Betrothed, you tell me, to Sir Thomas Clifford?

ROCH. Yes!

TIN. That a commoner should thwart a lord!

Yet not a commoner. A baronet

Is fish and flesh. Nine parts plebeian, and

Patrician in the tenth. Sir Thomas Clifford!

A man, they say, of brains. I abhor brains

As I do tools! They're things mechanical.

So far as we above our forefathers—

They to their brains did owe their titles as

Do lawyers, doctors. We to nothing owe them,

Which makes us far the nobler.

ROCH. Is it so?

TIN. Believe me. You shall profit by my training;

You grow a lord apace. I saw you meet

A bevy of your former friends, who fain

Had shaken hands with you. You gave them fingers!

You're now another man. Your house is changed—

Your table changed—your retinue—your horse—

Where once you rode a hack, you now back blood—

Befits it then you also change your friends!

*Enter WILLIAMS, L.*

WILLIAMS. A gentleman would see your Lordship.

TIN. Sir?

What's that? (*crosses to WILLIAMS.*)

WIL. A gentleman would see his Lordship!

TIN. How know you, sir, his Lordship is at home?

Is he at home because he goes not out?

He's not at home, though there you see him, sir,

Unless he certify that he's at home!

Bring up the name of the gentleman, and then

Your lord will know if he's at home or not.

[*Exit WILLIAMS, L.*]

Your man was porter to some merchant's door,  
Who never taught him better breeding than  
To speak the vulgar truth. Well, sir?

WILLIAMS *re-enters*.

WIL. His name,  
So please your Lordship, Markham.  
TIN. Do you know  
The thing?  
ROCH. Right well. I' faith, a hearty fellow,  
Son to a worthy tradesman, "who would do  
"Great things with little means; so entered him  
"In the Temple. A good fellow, on my life,  
"Naught smacking of his stock!"  
TIN. You've said enough!  
His Lordship's not at home. [*Exit WILLIAMS, L.*]  
"We do not go  
"By hearts, but orders!" Had he family—  
Blood—tho' it only were a drop—his heart  
Would pass for something; lacking such desert,  
Were it ten times the heart it is, 'tis naught!

WILLIAMS *re-enters*.

WIL. One Master Jones hath asked to see your Lordship,  
TIN. And what was your reply to Master Jones?  
WIL. I knew not if his Lordship was at home.  
TIN. You'll do. Who's Master Jones?  
ROCH. A curate's son.  
TIN. A curate's? Better be a yeoman's son!  
"Were it the rector's son, he might be known,  
"Because the rector is a rising man,  
"And may become a bishop. He goes light.  
"The curate ever hath a loaded back.  
"He may be called the yeoman of the church  
"That sweating does his work, and drudges on  
"While lives the hopeful rector at his ease."  
How made you his acquaintance, pray?  
ROCH. We read  
Latin and Greek together.  
TIN. Dropping them—  
As, now that you're a lord, of course you've done—  
Drop him. You'll say his Lordship's not at home.  
WIL. So please your Lordship, I forgot to say,  
One Richard Cricket likewise is below.  
TIN. Who? Richard Cricket? You must see him, Rochdale!  
A noble little fellow. A great man, sir!  
Not knowing whom, you would be nobody!  
I won five thousand pounds by him!  
ROCH. Who is he?  
I never heard of him!  
TIN. What, never heard  
Of Richard Cricket! never heard of him?  
Why, he's the jockey of Newmarket; you  
May win a cup by him, or else a sweepstakes.  
I bade him call upon you. You must see him.

His Lordship is at home to Richard Cricket.

ROCH. Bid him wait in the ante-room. (WILLIAMS goes L.)

TIN. The ante-room?

The best room in your house! You do not know

The use of Richard Cricket! Show him, sir,

Into the drawing-room.

[Exit WILLIAMS, L.]

Your Lordship needs

Must keep a racing stud, and you'll do well

To make a friend of Richard Cricket. "Well, sir,

"What's that?

"WILLIAMS re-enters.

"WIL. So please your Lordship, a petition.

TIN. Had'st not a service 'mongst the Hottentots

"Ere thou cam'st hither, friend! Present thy lord

"With a petition! At mechanics' doors,

"At tradesmens', shopkeepers', and merchants' only,

"Have such things leave to knock. Make thy lord's gate

"A wicket to a workhouse! Let us see it—

"Subscriptions to a book of poetry!

"Who heads the list? Cornelius Tense, A.M.

"Which means he construes Greek and Latin, works

"Problems in mathematics, can chop logic,

"And is a conjurer in philosophy,

"Both natural and moral. Pshaw! a man

"Whom nobody, that is, anybody, knows.

"Who, think you, follows him? Why, an M.D.,

"An F.R.S., and F.A.S., and then

"A D.D., Doctor of Divinity,

"Ushering in an LL.D., which means

"Doctor of Laws—their harmony, no doubt,

"The difference of their trades! There's nothing here

"But languages, and sciences, and arts,

"Not an iota of nobility!

"We cannot give our names. Take back the paper,

"And tell the bearer there's no answer for him—

"That is the lordly way of saying 'No.'

"But talking of subscriptions, here is one

"To which your Lordship may affix your name.

"ROCH. Pray, who's the object?

"TIN. A most worthy man!

"A man of singular deserts; a man,

"In serving whom, your Lordship will serve me—

"Signor Cantata.

"ROCH. He's a friend of yours?

"TIN. Oh, no; I know him not! I've not the pleasure!

"But Lady Dangle knows him; she's his friend.

"He will oblige us with a set of concerts,

"Six concerts to the set.—The set three guineas.

"Your Lordship will subscribe?

"ROCH. Oh, by all means!

"TIN. How many sets of tickets? Two at least.

"You'll like to take a friend? I'll set you down

"Six guineas to Signor Cantata's concerts."

And now, my Lord, we'll to him—then we'll walk.

ROCH. Nay, I would wait the lady's answer.

TIN.

Wait!

Take an excursion to the country; let  
Her answer wait for you.

ROCH.

Indeed!

TIN.

Indeed!

Befits a lord naught like indifference.  
Say an estate should fall to you, you'd take it,  
As it concerned more a stander-by  
Than you. As you're a lord, be sure you ever  
Of that make little other men make much of;  
Nor do the thing they do, but right contrary.  
Where the distinction else 'twixt them and you? [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.\*—*An apartment in MASTER HEARTWELL'S house.*

MASTER WALTER *discovered, seated L. of table, looking through title-deeds and papers.*

WALT. So falls out every thing as I would have it,  
Exact in place and time. This lord's advances  
Receives she—as, I augur, in the spleen  
Of wounded pride she will—my course is clear.  
She comes—all's well—the tempest rages still.

JULIA *enters, L., and paces the room in a state of high excitement.*

JULIA. What have my eyes to do with water? Fire  
Becomes them better! (*crosses, R.*)

WALT.

True!

JULIA.

Yet, must I weep

To be so monitor'd, and by a man!  
A man that was my slave! whom I have seen  
Kneel at my feet from morn till noon, content  
With leave to only gaze upon my face, (*crosses, L.*)  
“And tell me what he read there—till the page  
“I knew by heart, I 'gan to doubt I knew  
“Emblazoned by the comment of his tongue!”  
And he to lesson me! Let him come here  
On Monday week! He ne'er leads me to church!  
“I would not profit by his rank or wealth,  
“Tho' kings might call him cousin, for their sake!”  
I'll show him I have pride! (*crosses, R.*)

WALT.

You're very right!

JULIA.

He would have had to-day our wedding day!  
I fixed a month from this. He prayed and prayed—  
I dropped a week. He prayed and prayed the more—  
I dropped a second one. Still more he prayed!  
And I took off another week—and now  
I have his leave to wed or not to wed!  
He'll see that I have pride!

WALT.

And so he ought.

JULIA.

Oh! for some way to bring him to my feet!  
But he should lie there! Why, 'twill go abroad  
That he cast me off! That there should live

\* In the Union Square version the Fourth Act commences with this Scene, which is laid in Heartwell's library.

The man could say so ! Or that I should live  
To be the leavings of a man ! (*crosses, L.*)

WALT. Thy case

I own a hard one.

JULIA. Hard ! 'Twill drive me mad !

His wealth and title ! I refused a lord—

I did ! that privily implored my hand—

And never cared to tell him on't ! So much

I hate him now, that lord should not in vain

Implore my hand again !

WALT. You'd give it him ? (*rising.*)

JULIA. I would !

WALT. You'd wed that lord ? (*advances, L.*)

JULIA (R.). That lord I'd wed—or any other lord—

Only to show him I could wed above him !

WALT. Give me your hand and word to that.

JULIA. There ! Take

My hand and word !

WALT. That lord hath offered you

His hand again.

JULIA. He has ?

WALT. Your father knows it ; he approves of him.

There are the title-deeds of the estates, (*points to table*)

Sent for my jealous scrutiny. All sound—

No flaw or speck, that e'en the lynx-eyed law

Itself could find. A lord of many lands !

In Berkshire half a county ; and the same

In Wiltshire, and in Lancashire ! Across

The Irish Sea, a principality !

And not a rood with bond or lien on it !

Wilt give that lord a wife ? Wilt make thyself

A countess ? Here's the proffer of his hand. (*shows letter*)

Write thou content, and wear a coronet !

JULIA (*eagerly*). Give me the paper !

WALT. There ! Here's pen and ink. (*goes up L. of table and lays the letter down for her to sign*)

Sit down. (*points to chair, R. of table. JULIA takes the seat*) Why

do you pause ? A flourish of

The pen, and you're a countess.

JULIA. " My poor brain

" Whirls round and round ! " I would not wed him now

Were he more lowly at my feet to sue

Than e'er he did.

WALT. Wed whom ?

JULIA. Sir Thomas Clifford !

WALT. You're right.

JULIA. " His rank and wealth are roots to doubt,

" And while they lasted, still the weed would grow,

" Howe'er you plucked it. No ! That's o'er—that's done ! "

Was never lady wronged so foul as I ! (*weeps.*)

WALT. Thou'rt to be pitied.

JULIA (*with offended pride*). Pitied ! Not so bad  
As that.

WALT. Indeed thou art, to love the man

That spurns thee !

JULIA. Love him ! Love ! If hate could find

A word more harsh than its own name, I'd take it,

To speak the love I bear him ! (*weeps.*)

WALT. Write thy own name,  
And show how near akin thy hate's to hate !

JULIA (*writes*). 'Tis done !

WALT. 'Tis well ! I'll come to you anon.

[*Takes the paper hastily, and exits, L. 2 E.*]

JULIA (*alone*). I'm glad 'tis done ! I'm very glad 'tis done !  
I've done the thing I should. From my disgrace  
This lord shall lift me 'bove the reach of scorn—  
"That idly wags its tongue, where wealth and state  
"Need only beckon to have crowds to laud !"  
Then how the tables change ! The hand he spurned  
His betters take ! Let me remember that !  
I'll grace my rank ! I will ! I'll carry it  
As I were born to it ! I warrant none  
Shall say it fits me not—but one and all  
Confess I wear it bravely, as I ought.  
And he shall hear it ! ay, and he shall see it !  
I will roll by him in an equipage  
Would mortgage his estate—but he shall own  
His slight of me was my advancement ! Love me ?  
He never loved me ! if he had he ne'er  
Had given me up ! Love's not a spider's web,  
But fit to mesh a fly—that you can break  
By only blowing on't ! He never loved me !  
He knows not what love is—or, if he does,  
He has not been o'er chary of his peace !  
And that he'll find when I'm another's wife. (*a pause*)  
Lost !—lost to him forever ! (*rises, and advances*) Tears again !  
Why should I weep for him ? Who make their woes  
Deserve them ! What have I to do with tears ?

*Enter HELEN, L.*

HELEN. News, Julia, news !

JULIA. What ! Is't about Sir Thomas ?

HELEN. Sir Thomas, say you ? He's no more Sir Thomas !  
That cousin lives, as heir to whom, his wealth  
And title came to him.

JULIA. Was he not dead ?

HELEN. No more than I am dead.

JULIA. I would 'twere not so ! (*they cross.*)

HELEN. What say you, Julia ?

JULIA. Nothing !

"HELEN. I could kiss

"That cousin ! couldn't you, Julia ?

"JULIA. Wherefore ?

"HELEN. Why,

"For coming back to life again, as 'twere

"Upon his cousin, to revenge you.

"JULIA. Helen !"

HELEN (*with merry irony throughout*). Indeed, 'tis true. With what a  
sorry grace

The gentleman will bear himself without

His title ! Master Clifford ! Have you not

Some token to return him ? Some love-letter ?

Some brooch ? Some pin ? Some anything ? I'll be

Your messenger, for nothing but the pleasure  
Of calling him plain "Master Clifford."

JULIA (*angrily, and offended*). Helen!

HELEN. Or has he aught of thine? Write to him, Julia,  
Demanding it. Do, Julia, if you love me;  
And I'll direct it in a schoolboy's hand,  
As round as I can write "To Master Clifford."

JULIA. Helen!

HELEN. I'll think of fifty thousand ways  
To mortify him! I've a twentieth cousin,  
A care-for-naught at mischief. Him I'll set,  
With twenty other madcaps like himself,  
To walk the streets the traitor most frequents,  
And give him salutation as he passes—  
"How do you, Master Clifford?"

JULIA (*highly incensed*). Helen!

HELEN. Bless me!

JULIA. I hate you, Helen! (*she crosses to R., and sinks on chair.*)

*Enter MODUS, L. 1 E.*

MOD. Joy for you, fair lady!  
Our baronet is now plain gentleman,  
And hardly that—not master of the means  
To bear himself as such! The kinsman lives  
Whose only rumored death gave wealth to him,  
And title. A hard creditor he proves,  
Who keeps strict reckoning—will have interest,  
As well as principal. A ruined man  
Is now Sir Thomas Clifford.

HELEN. I'm glad on't.

MOD. And so am I. A scurvy trick it was  
He served you, madam. Use a lady so!  
I merely bore with him. I never liked him.

HELEN. No more did I. No, never could I think  
He looked his title.

MOD. No, nor acted it,  
If rightly they report. "He ne'er disbursed  
"To entertain his friends, 'tis broadly said,  
"A hundred pounds in the year." He was most poor  
In the appointments of a man of rank,  
Possessing wealth like his. "His horses, hacks!  
"His gentleman, a footman! and his footman,  
"A groom! The sports that men of quality  
"And spirit countenance, he kept aloof from;  
"From scruple of economy, not taste—  
"As racing and the like." In brief, he lacked  
Those shining points, that more than name, denote  
High breeding; and, moreover, was a man  
Of very shallow learning.

JULIA (*rising, angrily*). Silence, sir!  
For shame!

HELEN. Why, Julia?

JULIA (*advancing*). Speak not to me! Poor,  
Most poor! I tell you, sir, he was the making  
Of fifty gentlemen—each one of whom  
Were more than peer for thee! His title, sir,

Lent him no grace he did not pay it back!  
 Tho' it had been the highest of the high,  
 He would have looked it, felt it, acted it,  
 As thou could'st ne'er have done! When found you out  
 You liked him not? It was not e'er to-day!  
 "Or that base spirit I must reckon yours,  
 "Which smiles where it would scowl—can stoop to hate,  
 "And fear to show it!" He was your better, sir,  
 And is! Ay, is! though stripped of rank and wealth,  
 His nature's 'bove our fortune's love or spite,  
 To blazon or to blur it! (*retiring up c.*)

MOD. (*crosses to HELEN*). I was told

Much to disparage him—I know not wherefore.

HELEN. And so was I, and know as much the cause. (*MODUS and HELEN go up, c. JULIA comes down, R.*)

*Re-enter MASTER WALTER, with parchments.*

WALT. Joy, my Julia! (*crosses to her.*)

Impatient love has foresight! Lo you here,  
 The marriage deed's filled up, except a blank  
 To write your jointure. What you will, my girl!  
 Is this a lover? Look! Three thousand pounds  
 Per annum for your private charges! Ha!  
 There's pin money! Is this a lover? Mark  
 What acres, forests, tenements, are taxed  
 For your revenue, and so set apart  
 That finger cannot touch them, save thine own. (*JULIA striving to conceal her emotion, sinks on chair, R.*)  
 Is this a lover? What good fortune's thine!  
 Thou dost not speak; but 'tis the way with joy!  
 With richest heart, it has the poorest tongue! (*MODUS comes down R. of JULIA.*)

MOD. What great good fortune's this you speak of, sir?

WALT. A coronet, Master Modus! You behold  
 The wife elect, sir, of no less a man,  
 Than the new Earl of Rochdale—heir of him  
 That's recently deceased. (*MODUS retires, and rejoins HELEN.*)

"HELEN. My dearest Julia,

"Much joy to you!

"MOD. All good attend you, Madam!

"WALT." This letter brings excuses from his Lordship,  
 Whose absence it accounts for. He repairs  
 To his estate in Lancashire, and thither  
 We follow.

JULIA. When, sir? (*rises. HELEN and MODUS at back, R., converse.*)

WALT. Now. This very hour!

JULIA. This very hour! Oh, cruel, fatal haste!

WALT. (*L. c.*) Oh, cruel, fatal haste! What meanest thou?

Have I done wrong to do thy bidding, then?

I've done no more. Thou wast an off-cast bride,

And would'st be an affianced one—thou art so!

Thou'dst have the slight that marked thee out for scorn

Converted to a means of gracing thee—

It is so! "If our wishes come too soon,

'What can make sure of welcome? In my zeal

"To win thee thine, thou know'st, at any time  
 "I'd play the steed, whose will to serve his lord  
 "With his last breath gives his last bound for him!  
 "Since only noon have dispatched what well  
 "Had kept a brace of clerks, and more, on foot—  
 "And then, perhaps, had been to do again—  
 "Not finished sure, complete—the compact firm,  
 "As fate itself had sealed it!

"JULIA. Give you thanks!

"Tho' 'twere my death! my death!

"WALT. Thy death! Indeed,

"For happiness like this, one well might die!"

Take thy lord's letter.

*Enter THOMAS with letter, L. 1 E.*

Well?

THOM. This letter, sir,  
 The gentleman that served Sir Thomas Clifford—  
 Or him that was Sir Thomas—gave to me,  
 For Mistress Julia.

JULIA. Give it me! (*throwing away the one she holds.*)

WALT. (*snatching it.*) For what! [*Exit THOMAS, L. 1 E.*]

Would'st read it? He's a bankrupt! stripped of title,  
 House, chattels, lands and all! A naked bankrupt,  
 With neither purse nor trust! Would'st read his letter?

A beggar! Yea, a beggar! fasts, unless  
 He dines on alms! "How durst he send thee a letter?"

"A fellow cut on this hand, and on that,

"Bows, and is cut again, and bows again!

"Who pays you fifty smiles for half a one—

"And that given grudgingly." To send you a letter!

I burst with choler. Thus I treat his letter! (*tears and throws  
 it on the ground, and crosses to and fro*)

So! I was wrong to let him ruffle me;

He is not worth the spending anger on!

I prithee, Master Modus, use dispatch, (*MODUS and HELEN  
 advance*)

And presently make ready for our ride.

You, Helen, to my Julia look—a change

Of dresses will suffice. She must have new ones,

Matches for her new state! Haste, friends!

[*Exit MODUS, R. 1 E. HELEN pauses at entrance.*]

My Julia!

Why stand you poring there upon the ground?

Time flies. Your rise astounds you? Never heed—

You'll play my lady countess like a queen!

CURTAIN.\*

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\* This Scene ends the Fourth Act in the Union Square version.

## ACT IV.\*

SCENE I.—*A room in the EARL OF ROCHDALE'S.**Enter HELEN, L. C.*

HELEN. I'm weary wandering from room to room ;  
 A castle after all is but a house—  
 The dulllest one when lacking company !  
 Were I at home I could be company  
 Unto myself. " I see not Master Walter.  
 " He's ever with his ward. I see not her.  
 " By Master Walter will she bide, alone.  
 " My father stops in town. I can't see him.  
 " My cousin makes his books his company."  
 I'll go to bed and sleep. No—I'll stay up  
 And plague my cousin into making love!  
 For that he loves me shrewdly I suspect.  
 How dull he is that hath not sense to see  
 What lies before him, and he'd like to find !  
 I'll change my treatment of him—cross him, where  
 Before I used to humor him. He comes,  
 Poring upon a book.

*Enter MODUS, L. C., reading book.*

What's that you read ?

MOD. Latin, sweet cousin.

HELEN. 'Tis a naughty tongue  
 I fear, and teaches men to lie.

MOD. To lie !

HELEN. You study it. You call your cousin sweet,  
 And treat her as you would a crab. " As sour  
 " 'Twould seem you think her, so you covet her !  
 " Why, how the monster stares, and looks about !"  
 You construe Latin, and can't construe that ?

MOD. I never studied women.

HELEN. No; nor men.  
 Else would you better know their ways; nor read  
 In presence of a lady. (*strikes the book from his hand.*)

MOD. Right, you say,  
 And well you served me, cousin, so to strike  
 The volume from my hand. I own my fault.  
 So please you—may I pick it up again?  
 I'll put it in my pocket !

HELEN. Pick it up.  
 (*aside*) He fears me as I were his grandmother !  
 (*aloud*). What is the book ?

MOD. 'Tis Ovid's Art of Love.

HELEN. That Ovid was a fool !

MOD. In what ?

HELEN. In that ;

\* The Fifth Act in the Union Square version commences with this Scene, which is transferred to a grand saloon in the Earl of Rochdale's house—and forms also the Scene for the Sixth and last Act.

To call that thing an art, which art is none.

MOD. And is not love an art ?

HELEN. Are you a fool,  
As well as Ovid ? Love an art ? No art  
But taketh time and pains to learn. Love comes  
With neither. Is't to hoard such grain as that,  
You went to college ? Better stay at home,  
And study homely English.

MOD. Nay, you know not

The argument.

HELEN. I don't ? I know it better  
Than ever Ovid did ! "The face—the form—  
"The heart—the mind we fancy, cousin ; that's  
"The argument ! Why, cousin, you know nothing."  
Suppose a lady were in love with thee,  
Could'st thou, by Ovid, cousin, find it out ?  
Could'st find it out, was't thou in love thyself ?  
Could Ovid, cousin, teach thee to make love ?  
I could, that never read him. You begin  
With melancholy, then to sadness, then  
To sickness ; then to dying—but not die !  
She would not let thee, were she of my mind ;  
She'd take compassion on thee. Then for hope ;  
From hope to confidence ; from confidence  
To boldness—then you'd speak ; at first entreat ;  
Then urge ; then flout ; then argue ; then enforce ;  
Make prisoner of her hand ; besiege her waist ;  
Threaten her lips with storming ; keep thy word  
And carry her ! My sampler 'gainst thy Ovid ! (*crosses, L.*)  
Why, cousin, are you frightened, that you stand  
As you were stricken dumb ? The case is clear,  
You are no soldier. You'll ne'er win a battle.  
You care too much for blows !

MOD. You wrong me there.

At school I was the champion of my form,  
And since I went to college——

HELEN. That for college—(*snapping her fingers and crossing laughing.*)

MOD. Nay, hear me !

HELEN. Well ? What, since you went to college ?  
"You know what men are set down for who boast  
"Of their own bravery. Go on, brave cousin !  
"What since you went to college ?" Was there not  
One Quentin Halworth there ? You know there was,  
And that he was your master !

MOD. He my master !

Thrice was he worsted by me.

HELEN. Still was he

Your master.

MOD. He allowed I had the best !

Allowed it, mark me ! Nor to me alone,  
But to twenty I could name.

HELEN. And mastered you  
At last ! Confess it, cousin, 'tis the truth.  
A proctor's daughter you did both affect—  
Look at me and deny it ! Of the twain  
She more affected you ;—I've caught you now,

"Bold cousin! Mark you! Opportunity"—  
 An opportunity she gave you, sir—  
 Deny it if you can!—but though to others,  
 When you discoursed of her, you were a flame,  
 To her you were a wick that would not light,  
 Though held in the very fire! And so he won her—  
 Won her because he wooed her like a man,  
 For all your cuffings, cuffing you again  
 With most usurious interest. Now, sir,  
 Protest that you are valiant!

MOD. Cousin Helen!

HELEN. Well, sir?

MOD. The tale is all a forgery!

HELEN. A forgery!

MOD. From first to last; ne'er spoke I  
 To a proctor's daughter while I was at college.

HELEN. It was a scrivener's then—or somebody's.  
 But what concerns it whose? Enough, you loved her,  
 And, shame upon you, let another take her!

MOD. Cousin, I tell you, if you'll only hear me,  
 I loved no woman while I was at college—  
 Save one, and her I fancied ere I went there.

HELEN. Indeed! (*aside*) Now I'll retreat, if he's advancing.  
 Comes he not on? Oh, what a stock's the man!  
 (*aloud*) Well, cousin?

MOD. Well? What more would'st have me say?  
 I think I've said enough.

HELEN. And so think I.  
 I did but jest with you. You are not angry?  
 Shake hands! (*shaking timidly*) Why, cousin, do you squeeze me  
 so?

MOD. (*letting her go*). I swear I squeezed you not!

HELEN. You did not?

MOD. No,  
 I'll die if I did!

HELEN. Why, then you did not, cousin;  
 So let's shake hands again. (*as before*) Oh, go, and now  
 Read Ovid! Cousin, will you tell me one thing:  
 Wore lovers ruffs in Master Ovid's time?  
 Behoved him teach them, then, to put them on;—  
 And that you have to learn. Hold up your head!  
 Why, cousin, how you blush. Plague on the ruff!  
 I cannot give't a set. You're blushing still!  
 "Why do you blush, dear cousin? So, 'twill beat me!  
 "I'll give it up.

"MOD. Nay, prithee, don't—try on!

"HELEN. And if I do, I fear you'll think me bold.

"MOD. For what?

"HELEN. To trust my face so near to thine.

"MOD. I know not what you mean.

"HELEN. I'm glad you don't!"

Cousin, I own right well behaved you are,  
 Most marvellously well behaved! They've bred  
 You well at college. With another man  
 My lips would be in danger! Hang the ruff!

MOD. Nay, give it up, nor plague thyself, dear cousin.

HELEN. Dear fool! (*throwing down the ruff pettishly*) I swear the ruff is good for just

As little as its master! There '—'tis spoiled—

You'll have to get another. Hie for it,

And wear it in the fashion of a wisp,

Ere I adjust it for thee! Farewell, cousin!

You've need to study Ovid's Art of Love. [*Exit, R. 1 E.*]

MOD. Went she in anger? I will follow her. (*advances, then pauses*)

No, I will not! Heigho! I love my cousin!

Oh, would that she loved me! Why did she taunt me

With backwardness in love? What could she mean?

Sees she I love her, and so laughs at me,

Because I lack the front to woo her? (*she comes back and pauses*)

Nay,

I'll woo her then! Her lips shall be in danger

When next she trusts them near me! Looked she at me

To-day as never did she look before!

"A bold heart, Master Modus! 'Tis a saying,

"A faint one never won fair lady yet.

"I'll woo my cousin, come what will on't. Yes!" (*begins to read, pauses, and thrusts book into his bosom*)

Hang Ovid's Art of Love! I'll woo my cousin!

[*Exit, L. 1 E. HELEN, laughing merrily, exits, R. 1 E.*]

SCENE II.—*The Banqueting Room in the EARL OF ROCHDALE'S mansion.\**

*Enter MASTER WALTER and JULIA, L. U. E. He walks across to a chair, brings it forward, and sits, R. C.; she stands, L.*

WALT. This is the banqueting room. Thou see'st as far

It leaves the last behind as that excels

The former ones. All is proportion here

And harmony! Observe! The massy pillars

May well look proud to bear the lofty dome.

"You mark those full-length portraits? They're the heads,

"The stately heads of his ancestral line.

"Here o'er the feast they aptly still preside!

"Mark those medallions! Stand they forth or not

"In bold and fair relief?" Is not this brave?

JULIA (*abstractedly*). It is.

WALT. It should be so. To cheer the blood

That flows in noble veins is made the feast

That gladdens here! "You see this drapery?

"'Tis richest velvet! Fringe and tassels gold!

"Is not this costly?

"JULIA. Yes.

"WALT. And chaste, the while?

"Both chaste and costly?

"JULIA. Yes."

WALT. (*gets up and crosses to L., points off L. for mirror*). Come hither!

There's a mirror for you. See!

One sheet from floor to ceiling! Look into it.

Salute its mistress! Dost not know her?

JULIA (*sighing deeply*). Yes.

"WALT. And sighest thou to know her? Wait until

\* There is no change in the Union Square version.

"To-morrow, when the banquet shall be spread  
 "In the fair hall; the guests already bid,  
 "Around it; here her lord, and there herself,  
 "Presiding o'er the cheer that hails him bridegroom  
 "And her the happy bride! Dost hear me?"

"JULIA. (*sighing still more deeply*). Yes."

WALT. "These are the day-rooms only we have seen,  
 "For public and domestic uses kept."

I'll show you now the lodging rooms. (*goes, then turns and observes JULIA s'enling perfectly abstracted*) You're tired.

Let it be till after dinner then. Yet one

I'd like thee much to see—the bridal chamber. (*JULIA starts, crosses her hands upon her breast, and looks upwards*)

I see you're tired; yet is it worth the viewing,

If only for the tapestry, which shows

The needle like the pencil glow with life. (*she sits on the chair*

MASTER WALTER *has risen from, R. C.* He L.)

The story's of a page who loved the dame

He served—a princess! Love's a heedless thing!

That never takes account of obstacles;

Makes plains of mountains, rivulets of seas,

That part it from its wish. So proved the page,

Who from a state so lowly looked so high—

But love's a greater lackwit still than this,

Say it aspires—that's gain! Love stoops—that's loss!

You know what comes. The princess loved the page.

Shall I go on, or here leave off?

JULIA. Go on.

WALT. Each side of the chamber shows a different stage  
 Of this fond youth and fonder lady's love.\*

"First—no, it is not that.

"JULIA. Oh, recollect!

"WALT. And yet it is!

"JULIA. No doubt it is. What is't?

"WALT. He holds to her a salver, with a cup;

"His cheek more mantling with his passion, than

"The cup with the ruby wine. She heeds him not,

"For too great heed of him—but seems to hold

"Debate betwixt her passion and her pride,

"That's like to lose the day. You read it in

"Her vacant eye, knit brow, and parted lips,

"Which speak a heart too busy all within

"To note what's done without. Like you the tale?

"JULIA. I list to every word.

"WALT. The next side paints

"The page upon his knee. He has told his tale;

\* In some representations the passages following this are frequently omitted; where such is the case, the abbreviated dialogue runs thus:—

WALT. The first side paints their passion in the dawn—  
 In the next side 'tis shining open day—  
 In the third there's clouding—I but touch on these  
 To make a long tale brief, and bring thee to  
 The last side.

JULIA. What shows that?

WALT. The fate of love  
 That will not be advised. The scene's a dungeon;  
 Its tenant is the page—he lies in fetters

JULIA. Hard!

Heard as the steel the hands that put them on!

"And found that, when he lost his heart, he played  
 "No losing game; but won a richer one!  
 "There may you read in him, how love would seem  
 "Most humble when most bold—you question which  
 "Appears to kiss her hand—his breath or lips!  
 "In her you read how wholly lost is she  
 "Who trusts her heart to love. Shall I give o'er?

"JULIA. Nay, tell it to the end. Is't melancholy?

"WALT. To answer that would mar the story.

"JULIA. Right!

"WALT. The third side now we come to.

"JULIA. What shows that?

"WALT. The page and princess still. But stands her sire  
 "Between them. Stern he grasps his daughter's arm,  
 "Whose eyes like fountains play; while through her tears  
 "Her passion shines, as, through the fountain drops,  
 "The sun! His minions crowd around the page!  
 "They drag him to a dungeon.

"JULIA. Hapless youth!

"WALT. Hapless, indeed, that's twice a captive! heart  
 "And body both in bonds. But that's the chain,  
 "Which balance cannot weigh, rule measure, touch  
 "Define the texture of, or eye detect,  
 "That's forged by the subtle craft of love!  
 "No need to tell you that he wears it. Such  
 "The cunning of the hand that plied the loom,  
 "You've but to mark the straining of his eye  
 "To feel the coil yourself!

"JULIA. I feel't without!

"You've finished with the third side; now the fourth!

"WALT. It brings us to a dungeon, then——

"JULIA. The page,  
 "The thrall of love, more than the dungeon's thrall,  
 "Is there?

"WALT. He is. He lies in fetters!

"JULIA. Hard—  
 "Hard as the steel, the hands that put them on!"

WALT. Some one unrivets them.

JULIA. The princess? 'Tis!

WALT. It is another page.

JULIA. It is herself!

WALT. Her skin is fair, and his is berry brown.  
 His locks are raven black, and hers are gold.

JULIA. Love's cunning at disguises! spite of locks,  
 Skin, vesture—it is she, and only she!  
 What will not constant woman do for love,  
 That's loved with constancy! Set her the task,  
 Virtue approving, that will baffle her!  
 O'ertax her stooping, patience, courage, wit!  
 My life upon it, 'tis the princess's self,  
 Transformed into a page!

WALT. The dungeon door  
 Stands open, and you see beyond——

JULIA. Her father!

WALT. No; a steed!

JULIA (*starting up*). Oh, welcome steed,  
 My heart bounds at the thought of thee! Thou com'st

To bear the page from bonds to liberty.  
What else?

WALT. (*rising*). The story's told.

JULIA. Too briefly told!

Oh, happy princess, that had wealth and state  
To lay them down for love! "Whose constant love  
"Appearances approved, not falsified!  
"A winner in thy loss as well as gain."

WALT. Weighs love so much?

JULIA. What would you weigh 'gainst love

That's true? Tell me with what you'd turn the scale?

Yea, make the index waver? Wealth? A feather!

Rank? Tinsel against bullion in the balance!

The love of kindred? That to set 'gainst love!

Friendship comes nearest to't; but put it in,

And friendship kicks the beam—weigh nothing 'gainst it!

Weigh love against the world!

"Yet are they happy that have naught to say to it.

"WALT. And such a one art thou. Who wisely wed,

"Wed happily. The love thou speak'st of,

"A flower is only, that its season has,

"Which they must look to see the withering of,

"Who pleasure in its budding and its bloom!

"But wisdom is the constant evergreen

"Which lives the whole year through. Be that your flower!"

*Enter SERVANT, L. 1 E.*

Well?

SERV. My lord's secretary is without.  
He brings a letter for her ladyship,  
And craves admittance to her.

WALT. Show him in.

JULIA. No!

WALT. Thou must see him. To show slight to him  
Were slighting him that sent him. Show him in!

*[Exit SERVANT, L. 1 E.]*

Some errand proper for thy private ear,  
Besides the letter. What's the matter? Why  
This paleness and this trembling? (c.) Mark me, Julia!  
If, from these nuptials which thyself invited—  
Which, at thy seeking came—thou would'st be freed,  
Thou hast gone too far! Receding were disgrace,  
Sooner than see thee suffer which, the hearts  
That love thee most would wish thee dead! Reflect!  
Take thought! Collect thyself! With dignity  
Receive thy bridegroom's messenger! for sure  
As dawns to-morrow's sun, to-morrow night  
Sees thee a wedded bride!

*[Exit, C. D.]*

JULIA (*alone*). A wedded bride!

Is it a dream? "Is it a phantasm? 'Tis

"Too horrible for reality! for aught else

"Too palpable!" Oh, would it were a dream!

How would I bless the sun that waked me from it!

"I perish! Like some desperate mariner

"Impatient of a strange and hostile land,

"Who rashly hoists his sail, and puts to sea,

"And being fast on reefs and quicksands borne,

"Essays in vain once more to make the land,  
 "Whence wind and current drive him."—I am wrecked!  
 By mine own act! What! no escape? no hope?  
 None! I must e'en abide these hated nuptials!  
 Hated! Ay! own it, and then curse thyself!  
 "That mad'st the bane thou loathest"—for the love  
 Thou bear'st to one who never can be thine!  
 Yes—love! Deceive thyself no longer. False  
 To say 'tis pity for his fall!—"respect,  
 "Engendered by a hollow world's disdain,  
 "Which hoots whom fickle fortune cheers no more!  
 "'Tis none of these;" 'tis love—and if not love,  
 Why, then, idolatry! Ay, that's the name  
 To speak the broadest, deepest, strongest passion,  
 That ever woman's heart was borne away by!  
 He comes! Thou'dst play the lady—play it now!

*Enter SERVANT, L. 1 E., conducting CLIFFORD, plainly attired, as the EARL OF ROCHDALE'S secretary.*

SERV. His lordship's secretary. [Exit, C. D.]  
 JULIA (*aside*). Speaks he not?  
 Or does he wait for orders to unfold  
 His business? Stopped his business till I spoke,  
 I'd hold my peace forever! (CLIFFORD *kneels, presenting a letter*  
     Does he kneel?  
 A lady am I to my heart's content!  
 Could he unmake me that which claims his knee,  
 I'd kneel to him—I would! I would! (*aloud*) Your will?  
 CLIF. (*lowly and humbly*). This letter from my lord.  
 JULIA (*aside*). Oh, fate! (*aloud*) Who speaks?  
 CLIF. The secretary of my lord. (*rises*.)  
 JULIA (*aside*). I breathe!  
 I could have sworn 'twas he! (*makes an effort to look at him*  
     *but is unable*)  
 So like the voice—  
 I dare not look, lest there the form should stand!  
 How came he by that voice? 'Tis Clifford's voice,  
 If ever Clifford spoke! "My fears come back!"—  
 Clifford the secretary of my lord?  
 Fortune hath freaks; but none so mad as that!  
 It cannot be—it should not be—a look,  
 And all were set at rest. (*tries again, but cannot*) So strong my  
     fears,  
 Dread to confirm them takes away the power  
 - To try and end them! Come the worst, I'll look! (*she tries*  
     *again, and is again unequal to the task*)  
 I'd sink before him, if I met his eye!  
 CLIF. (*meekly*). Wil't please your ladyship to take the letter?  
 JULIA (*aside*). There Clifford speaks again! Not Clifford's breath  
 Could more make Clifford's voice! Not Clifford's tongue  
 And lips more frame it into Clifford's speech!  
 A question, and 'tis over. (*aloud*) Know I you?  
 CLIF. Reverse of fortune, lady, changes friends;  
 It turns them into strangers. What I am,  
 I have not always been!  
 JULIA. Could I not name you?

CLIF. If your disdain for one, perhaps too bold,  
When hollow fortune called him favorite—  
“Now by her fickleness perforce reduced  
“To take an humble tone,” would suffer you—

JULIA. I might ?

CLIF. You might !

JULIA (*turns, starts—with grief*). Oh, Clifford ! Is it you ?

CLIF. (*coldly*). Your answer to my lord ! (*offering the letter.*)

JULIA (*with emphasis*). Your lord !

CLIF. (*rising*). Wilt write it  
Or will it please you send a verbal one ?  
I'll bear it faithfully.

JULIA (*astonished*). You'll bear it ?

CLIF. Madam,  
Your pardon, but my haste is somewhat urgent.  
My Lord's impatient, and to use dispatch  
Were his repeated orders.

JULIA. Orders ? Well, (*c., taking letter*)  
I'll read the letter, sir. 'Tis right you mind  
His Lordship's orders. They are paramount !  
Nothing should supersede them—stand beside them !  
They merit all your care, and have it ! Fit,  
Most fit they should ! Give me the letter, sir.

CLIF. You have it, madam.

JULIA. So ! (*aside*) How poor a thing  
I look ! so lost, while he is all himself !  
Have I no pride ? (*she rings, the SERVANT enters, R. 1 E.*)  
(*to SERVANT*) Paper, and pen and ink ! [*Exit SERVANT, R. 1 E.*]  
(*aside*) If he can freeze, 'tis time that I grow cold !  
I'll read the letter ! (*opens it, and holds it as about to read it*)  
Mind his orders ! So !  
Quickly he fits his habits to his fortunes !  
He serves my Lord with all his will ! His heart's  
In his vocation. So ! Is this the letter ?  
'Tis upside down—and here I'm poring on't !  
Most fit I let him see me play the fool !  
Shame ! Let me be myself !

SERVANT *re-enters with materials for writing, and exits.*

“A table, sir,  
“And chair” (*she sits awhile, gazing vacantly on the letter—then  
looks at CLIFFORD*) How plainly shows his humble suit !  
It fits not him that wears it. I have wronged him !  
He can't be happy—does not look it—is not !  
That eye which reads the ground is argument  
Enough ! He loves me ! There I let him stand,  
And I am sitting ! (*rises, and points to a chair*)  
(*aloud*) Pray you, take a chair. (*he bows, declining the honor.*  
*She looks at him awhile, then speaks with a sudden burst of  
kindness she cannot restrain*)

Clifford, why don't you speak to me ? (*weeps.*)

CLIF. I trust  
You're happy.

JULIA. Happy ! Very, very happy !  
You see I weep I am so happy ! Tears  
Are signs, you know, of naught but happiness.

When first I saw you little did I look  
To be so happy ! Clifford !

CLIF. Madam ?

JULIA. Madam .

I call thee Clifford, and thou call'st me madam !

CLIF. Such the address my duty stints me to.  
Thou art the wife elect of a proud earl—  
Whose humble secretary sole am I.

JULIA. Most right ! I had forgot ! I thank you, sir,  
For so reminding me ; and give you joy  
That what I see had been a burthen to you  
Is fairly off your hands.

CLIF. A burthen to me ?

Mean you yourself ? Are you that burthen, Julia ?  
Say that the sun's a burthen to the earth !  
Say that the blood's a burthen to the heart !  
Say health's a burthen, peace, contentment, joy,  
Fame, riches, honors ; every thing that man  
Desires, and gives the name of blessing to—  
E'en such a burthen Julia were to me  
Had fortune let me wear her.

JULIA (*aside*). On the brink  
Of what a precipice I'm standing ! Back !  
Back ! while the faculty remains to do't !  
A minute longer, not the whirlpool's self  
More sure to suck thee down ! One effort ! (*sits L. of table*)  
There ! (*recovers her self-possession, takes up the letter and reads*)

(*aside*) To wed to-morrow night ! Wed whom ? A man  
Whom I can never love ! I should before  
Have thought of that. To-morrow night ! This hour  
To-morrow ! How I tremble ! " Happy bands  
" To which my heart such freezing welcome gives,  
" As sends an ague through me ! " At what means  
Will not the desperate snatch ! What's honor's price ?  
Nor friends, nor lovers—no, nor life itself !

(*aloud*) Clifford ! This moment leave me ! (*CLIFFORD retires up the stage—aside*) Is he gone ?

Oh, docile lover ! Do his mistress' wish  
That went against his own ! Do it so soon !  
Ere well 'twas uttered ! No good-bye to her !  
No word ! no look ! 'Twas best that so he went .  
Alas ! the strait of her who owns that best,  
Which last she'd wish were done ! What's left me now ?  
To weep ! To weep !

*Leans her head upon her arm, which rests upon the table—her other arm hanging listless at her side. CLIFFORD comes down the stage, looks a moment at her, approaches her, and kneeling, takes her hand.*

CLIF. (*with stifled emotion*). My Julia !

JULIA. Here again ?

Up ! up ! By all thy hopes of heaven, go hence !  
To stay's perdition to me ! Look you, Clifford !  
Were there a grave where thou art kneeling now  
I'd walk into't, and be inearthed alive,  
Ere taint should touch my name. Should some one come

And see thee kneeling thus ! Let go my hand !  
 Remember, Clifford, I'm a promised bride—  
 And take thy arm away ! It has no right  
 To clasp my waist ! Judge you so poorly of me,  
 As think I'll suffer this ? My honor, sir ! (*she breaks from him,*  
*quitting her seat—he rises*)  
 I'm glad you've forced me to respect myself—  
 You'll find that I can do so !

CLIF. (C.). I was bold—  
 Forgetful of your station and my own.  
 There was a time I held your hand unchid !  
 There was a time I might have clasped your waist—  
 I had forgot that time was past and gone !  
 I pray you, pardon me !

JULIA (*softened*). I do so, Clifford !

CLIF. I shall no more offend.

JULIA. Make sure of that.  
 No longer is it fit thou keep'st thy post  
 In's Lordship's household. Give it up. A day—  
 An hour remain not in it.

CLIF. Wherefore ?

JULIA. Live  
 In the same house with me, and I another's ?  
 Put miles, put leagues between us ! The same land  
 Should not contain us. " Oceans should divide us—  
 " With barriers of constant tempests—such  
 " As mariners durst not tempt ! " Oh, Clifford ! Clifford !  
 Rash was the act so light that gave me up,  
 That stung a woman's pride, and drove her mad—  
 Till, in her frenzy, she destroyed her peace !  
 Oh, it was rashly done ! Had you reprov'd—  
 Expostulated—had you reasoned with me—  
 Tried to find out what was indeed my heart—  
 I would have shown it—you'd have seen it. All  
 Had been as naught can ever be again !

CLIF. Lov'st thou me, Julia ?

JULIA. Dost thou ask me, Clifford ?

CLIF. These nuptials may be shunned—

JULIA. With honor ?

CLIF. Yes !

JULIA. Then take me ! Hold !—hear me, and take me then !  
 Let not thy passion be my counsellor !  
 Deal with me, Clifford, as my brother. Be  
 The jealous guardian of my spotless name !  
 Scan thou my cause as 'twere thy sister's ! Let  
 Thy scrutiny o'erlook no point of it—  
 And turn it o'er, not once, but many a time ;—  
 That flaw, speck, yea, the shade of one—a soil  
 So slight not one out of a thousand eyes  
 Could find it out—may not escape thee ; then  
 Say if these nuptials can be shunned with honor !

CLIF. They can.

JULIA. Then take me, Clifford ! (*they embrace.*)

*Enter MASTER WALTER, C. D. ; pauses, then comes down.*

WALT.

Ha ! What's this ?

Ha! treason! What! my baronet that was,  
 My secretary now! Your servant, sir!  
 Is't thus you do the pleasure of your lord,—  
 "That for your service feeds you, clothes you, pays you!"  
 "Or tak'st thou but the name of his dependent?"  
 What's here?—a letter! (*snatches letter from table*) Fifty crowns  
 to one

A forgery! I'm wrong. It is his hand.  
 This proves thee double traitor!

CLIF. (*warmly, then controlling himself*). Traitor!

JULIA. Nay,  
 Control thy wrath, good Master Walter. Do—  
 And I'll persuade him to go hence. (*MASTER WALTER retires  
 up the stage, R., with letter, and remains there until CLIFFORD  
 is off. Aside to CLIFFORD*) I see  
 For me thou bearest this, and thank thee, Clifford!  
 As thou hast truly shown thy heart to me,  
 So truly I to thee have opened mine!  
 Time flies! To-morrow, if thy love can find  
 A way, such as thou said'st, for my enlargement—  
 By any means thou can'st apprise me of it—  
 And soon as shown I'll take it.

WALT. (R.) Is he gone?

JULIA (*aloud*). He is—this moment! (*aside to CLIFFORD*) If thou cov-  
 et'st me,  
 Win me and wear me! May I trust thee! (*sinks on CLIFFORD'S  
 breast*) Oh!  
 If that's thy soul that's looking through thine eyes,  
 Thou lov'st me, and I may—I sicken lest  
 I never see thee more!

CLIF. As life is mine,  
 The ring that goes thy wedding finger on,  
 No hand save mine shall place there!

WALT. Lingers he?

JULIA. For my sake, now away! "And yet a word.  
 "By all thy hopes most dear, be true to me!  
 "Go, now! Yet stay!" Oh, Clifford, while you're here  
 I'm like a bark distressed and compassless,  
 That by a beacon steers—when you're away,  
 That bark alone, and tossing miles at sea!  
 Now go! Farewell! My compass—beacon—land!  
 When shall mine eyes be blessed with thee again!

CLIF. Farewell!  
 [*With a struggle he tears himself away, and exits, L. 1 E.*]

JULIA. Art gone? All's care! All's chance—all's darkness! (*is be-  
 ing led off by MASTER WALTER, C., as the curtain falls.*)

CURTAIN.\*

\* This ends the Fifth Act in the Union Square version—there is no change of Scene for the whole of the next Act.

## ACT V.\*

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the* EARL OF ROCHDALE'S.

*Enter HELEN and FATHOM, C. D., and advancing.*

FATH. The long and short of it is this—if she marries this lord she'll break her heart! I wish you could see her, madam—poor lady!

HELEN. How looks she, prithee?

FATH. Marry, for all the world like a dripping wet cambric handkerchief! She has no color nor strength in her, and does nothing but weep—poor lady!

HELEN. Tell me again, what said she to thee?

FATH. She offered me all she was mistress of to take the letter to Master Clifford. She drew her purse from her pocket—her ring from her finger—her ear-rings from her ears; but I was forbidden, and refused. And now I'm sorry for it—poor lady!

HELEN. Thou should'st be sorry. Thou hast a hard heart, Fathom.

FATH. I, madam! My heart is as soft as a woman's. You should have seen me when I came out of her chamber—poor lady!

HELEN. Did you cry?

FATH. No; but I was near it as possible. I a hard heart! I would do anything to serve her—poor sweet lady!

HELEN. Will you take her letter, asks she you again?

FATH. No—I am forbid.

HELEN. Will you help Master Clifford to an interview with her?

FATH. No—Master Walter would find it out.

HELEN. Will you contrive to get me into her chamber?

FATH. No—you would get me into mischief.

HELEN. Go to! You would do nothing to serve her. You a soft heart! You have no heart at all! You feel not for her.

FATH. But I tell you I do—and good right I have to feel for her. I have been in love myself.

HELEN. With your dinner?

FATH. I would it had been! My pain would have soon been over, and at little cost. A fortune I squandered upon her!—trinkets—trimmings—treatings—what swallowed up the revenue of a whole year! Wasn't I in love? Six months I courted her, and a dozen crowns, all but one, did I disburse for her in that time. Wasn't I in love? An hostler, a tapster, and a constable courted her at the same time, and I offered to cudgel the whole three of them for her! Wasn't I in love?

HELEN. You are a valiant man, Fathom.

FATH. Am not I? Walks not the earth the man I am afraid of!

HELEN. Fear you not Master Walter?

FATH. No.

HELEN. You do.

FATH. I don't.

HELEN. I'll prove it to you. You see him breaking your young mistress' heart, and have not the manhood to stand by her.

FATH. What could I do for her?

HELEN. Let her out of prison. It were the act of a man.

FATH. That man am I!

HELEN. Well said, brave Fathom.

FATH. But my place!

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\* Act VI. in the Union Square version, with no change from preceding Scene.

HELEN. I'll provide thee with a better one.

FATH. 'Tis a capital place! So little to do, and so much to get for't. Six pounds in the year; two suits of livery; shoes and stockings, and a famous larder. He'd be a bold man that would put such a place in jeopardy. My place, madam, my place!

HELEN. I tell thee I'll provide thee with a better place. Thou shalt have less to do and more to get. Now, Fathom, hast thou courage to stand by thy mistress?

FATH. I have!

HELEN. That's right.

FATH. I'll let my lady out.

*Enter MASTER WALTER, unperceived, c.*

HELEN. That's right. When, Fathom?

FATH. To-night.

HELEN. She is to be married to-night.

FATH. This evening then. Master Walter is now in the library; the key is on the outside, and I'll lock him in.

HELEN. Excellent! You'll do it?

FATH. Rely upon it. How he'll stare when he finds himself a prisoner, and my young lady at liberty!

HELEN. Most excellent! You'll be sure to do it?

FATH. Depend upon me. When Fathom undertakes a thing he defies fire and water—

WALT. (*coming forward between them, c.*). Fathom!

FATH. (*treublingly*). Sir!

WALT. Assemble straight the servants.

FATH. Yes, sir!

WALT. Mind,

And have them in the hall when I come down.

FATH. Yes, sir!

WALT. And see you do not stir a step,

But where I order you.

FATH. Not an inch, sir.

WALT. See that you don't—away! [*Exit FATHOM, c. d.*]

So, my fair mistress,

What's this you have been plotting? An escape

For Mistress Julia?

HELEN. I avow it.

WALT. Do you?

HELEN. Yes; and moreover, to your face I tell you,

Most hardly do you use her.

WALT. Verily!

HELEN. I wonder where's her spirit? Had she mine

She would not take't so easily. Do you mean

To force this marriage on her?

WALT. With your leave.

HELEN. You laugh!

WALT. Without it, then. I don't laugh now.

HELEN. If I were she, I'd find a way to escape.

WALT. What would you do?

HELEN. I'd leap out of the window!

WALT. Your window should be barred.

HELEN. I'd cheat you still!

I'd hang myself ere I'd be forced to marry!

WALT. Well said! You shall be married, then, to-night!

HELEN. Married to-night ?

WALT. As sure as I have said it.

HELEN. Two words to that. Pray, who's to be my bridegroom ?

WALT. A daughter's bridegroom is her father's choice.

HELEN. My father's daughter ne'er shall wed such bridegroom !

WALT. Indeed !

HELEN. I'll pick a husband for myself.

WALT. Indeed !

HELEN. Indeed, sir ; and indeed again !

WALT. Go dress you for the marriage ceremony.

HELEN. But, Master Walter, what is it you mean ?

*Enter MODUS, R. D. ; he stops short.*

WALT. Here comes your cousin—he shall be your bridesman !

The thought's a sudden one—that will excuse

Defect in your appointments. A plain dress—

So 'tis of white—will do.

HELEN. I'll dress in black.

I'll quit the castle.

WALT. That you shall not do.

Its doors are guarded by my lord's domestics ;

Its avenues—its grounds ; what you must do,

Do with a good grace. In an hour, or less,

Your father will be here. Make up your mind

To take with thankfulness the man he gives you.

(*aside*) Now, if they find not out how beat their hearts,

I have no skill, not I, in feeling pulses. [*Exit, L. D.*]

HELEN *follows, but stops short, and looks across at MODUS, at opposite wing ; they pause, and bashfully look at each other.*

HELEN. Why, cousin Modus ! What ! Will you stand by

And see me forced to marry ? Cousin Modus,

Have you not got a tongue ? Have you not eyes ?

Do you not see I'm very—very ill, (*moves towards him*)

“ And not a chair in all the corridor ?

“ MOD. I'll find one in the study. (*going towards C. D.*)

“ HELEN. Hang the study !

“ MOD. My room's at hand. I'll fetch one thence. (*going, R.*)

“ HELEN. You shan't !

“ I'll faint ere you come back !”

MOD. (*embarrassed—yet moving towards her*). What shall I do ?

HELEN. Why don't you offer to support me ? Well ?

Give me your arm—be quick ! (*MODUS offers his arm*) Is that the way

To help a lady when she's like to faint ?

I'll drop unless you catch me ! (*falls against him ; he supports her*) That will do ;

I'm better now. (*he offers to leave her*) Don't leave me ! Is one well

Because one's better ? Hold my hand. (*gently pulls his arm round her waist so as to bring his hand in front, clasping her's, and she resting on his bosom*) Keep so.

“ I'll soon recover, so you move not. (*aside*) Loves he—

“ Which I'll be sworn he does he'll own it now.”

(*aloud*) Well, cousin Modus ?

MOD. Well, sweet cousin ?

HELEN. Well ?  
You heard what Master Walter said ?

MOD. I did.

HELEN. And would you have me marry ? Can't you speak  
Say yes or no.

MOD. No, cousin.

HELEN. Bravely said !  
And why, my gallant cousin ?

MOD. Why ?

HELEN. Ah, why !—

Women, you know, are fond of reasons—why  
Would you not have me marry ? How you look !  
“ Is it because you do not know the reason ? ”  
You mind me of a story of a cousin  
Who once her cousin such a question asked.  
He had not been to college, though—for books  
Had passed his time in reading ladies' eyes,  
Which he could construe marvellously well,  
“ Though writ in language all symbolical.”  
Thus stood they once together, on a day—  
As we stand now—discoursed as we discourse,—  
“ But with this difference—fifty gentle words  
“ He spoke to her for one she spoke to him !—  
“ What a dear cousin ! well, as I did say,”  
As now I questioned thee she questioned him,  
And what was his reply ? To think of it  
Sets my heart beating—'twas so kind a one !  
So like a cousin's answer—a dear cousin !  
A gentle, honest, gallant, loving cousin !  
What did he say ?

MOD. On my soul I can't tell.

HELEN. A man might find it out,  
Though never read he Ovid's Art of Love.  
What did he say ? He'd marry her himself !  
How stupid you are, cousin ! Let me go !

MOD. You are not well yet.

HELEN. Yes.

MOD. I'm sure you're not.

HELEN. I'm sure I am.

MOD. Nay, let me hold you, cousin !

I like it.

HELEN (*archly*). Do you ? “ I would wager you  
“ You could not tell me why you like it. Well !  
“ You see how true I know you.” How you stare !  
What see you in my face to wonder at ?

MOD. (*with simplicity*). A pair of eyes !

HELEN (*aside*). At last he'll find his tongue !  
(*aloud*) And saw you ne'er a pair of eyes before ?

MOD. Not such a pair.

“ HELEN. And why ?

“ MOD. They are so bright !

“ You have a Grecian nose.”

HELEN. Indeed ?

MOD. Indeed !

HELEN. What kind of mouth have I ?

MOD. A handsome one.

I never saw so sweet a pair of lips !

I ne'er saw lips at all till now, dear cousin

HELEN. Cousin, I'm well—you need not hold me now.

Do you not hear ? I tell you I am well !

I need your arm no longer—take't away !

So tight it locks me 'tis with pain I breathe !

Let me go, cousin ! Wherefore do you hold

Your face so close to mine ? What do you mean ?

MOD. You've questioned me, and now I'll question you.

HELEN. What would you learn ?

MOD. The use of lips !

HELEN. To speak ?

MOD. Naught else ?

HELEN. "How bold my modest cousin grows !"

Why, other use know you ?

MOD. I do ?

HELEN. Indeed !

You're wondrous wise ! And pray, what is it ?

MOD. This ! (*attempts to kiss her.*)

HELEN. Soft ! My hand thanks you, cousin—for my lips

I keep them for a husband ; (*crosses, L*) Nay, stand off !

I'll not be held in manacles again !

Why do you follow me ?

MOD. I love you, cousin ! (*drops on his knees.*)

HELEN. Oh, cousin, say you so ! That's passing strange !

"Falls out most crossly—is a dire mishap—"

A thing to sigh for, weep for, languish for,

And die for !

MOD. Die for ? (*rises.*)

HELEN. Yes, with laughter, cousin !

For, cousin, I love you !

MOD. And you'll be mine ?

HELEN. I will !

MOD. Your hand upon it.

HELEN (*warmly*). Hand and heart ! (*shaking with both hands warmly*)

Hie to thy dressing room, and I'll to mine—

Attire thee for the altar—so will I.

Whoe'er may claim me, thou'rt the man shall have me.

Away ! Dispatch ! But hark you, ere you go,

"Ne'er brag of reading Ovid's Art of Love !

"MOD. And cousin ! stop—one little word with you !"

*They part and go nearly off when they pause, look back and return ; shake hands, part again, pause and return ; again shake hands and are about to part, when they kiss heartily, and with a merry laugh HELEN runs off, L. D. MODUS, as though dumbfounded, stands looking about for a moment, then takes book from his bosom, looks at it—suddenly throws it away, and exits quickly, R. D.*

### SCENE III.—JULIA'S chamber.\*

*Enter JULIA, C. D.*

JULIA. No word from him, and evening now set in !

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\* No change of Scenery in Union Square version.

He cannot play me false! His messenger  
 Is dogged—or letter intercepted! I'm  
 Beset with spies?—No rescue!—No escape!  
 The hour at hand that brings my bridegroom home!  
 No relative to aid me—friend to counsel me! (*a knock at the door.*)  
 "Come in.

"Enter TWO FEMALE ATTENDANTS.

"Your will?

"FIRST ATTENDANT. Your toilet waits, my lady,

"'Tis time you dress.

"JULIA. 'Tis time I die! (*a peal of bells*) What's that?

"SECOND ATTEND. Your wedding bells, my lady.

"JULIA. Merrily

"They ring my knell! (SECOND ATTENDANT *presents an open case*) And pray you, what are these?

SECOND ATTEND. Your wedding jewels.

"JULIA. Set them by.

"SECOND ATTEND. Indeed!

"Was ne'er a braver set! A necklace, brooch,

"And ear-rings all of brilliants—with a hoop

"To guard your wedding ring.

"JULIA. 'Twould need a guard

"That lacks a heart to keep it!

"SECOND ATTEND. Here's a heart

"Suspended from the necklace—one huge diamond

"Imbedded in a host of smaller ones!

"Oh, how it sparkles!

"JULIA. Show it me! Bright heart,

"Thy lustre, should I wear thee, will be false—

"For thou the emblem art of love and truth—

"From her that wears thee, unto him that gives thee.

"Back to thy case! Better thou ne'er should'st leave it—

"Better thy gems a thousand fathoms deep

"In their native mine again, than grace my neck,

"And lend thy fair face to palm off a lie!

"FIRST ATTEND. Wilt please dress?

"JULIA. Ay! in infected clothes,

"New from a pest-house! Leave me! If I dress,

"I'll dress alone. Oh, for a friend! Time gallops!

[*"Exeunt ATTENDANTS."*]

He that should guard me is mine enemy!

Constrains me to abide the fatal die

My rashness, not my reason, cast. He comes,

That will exact the forfeit! Must I pay it?

E'en at the cost of utter bankruptcy!

What's to be done? Pronounce the vow that parts

My body from my soul! To what it loathes

Links that, while this is linked to what it loves!

Condemned to such perdition! What's to be done?

Stand at the altar in an hour from this!

An hour thence seated at his board—a wife!

Thence!—frenzy's in the thought! What's to be done?

Enter MASTER WALTER, C. D.

WALT. (L.). What! run the waves so high? Art ready, Julia?  
Your lord will soon be here! The guests collect.

JULIA (R.). Show me some way to 'scape these nuptials! Do it!  
Some opening for avoidance or escape—  
Or to thy charge I'll lay a broken heart!  
It may be, broken vows and blasted honor!  
Or else a mind distraught!

WALT. What's this?

JULIA. The strait  
I'm fallen into my patience cannot bear!  
It frights my reason—warps my sense of virtue!  
Religion! changes me into a thing  
I look at with abhorring!

WALT. (L. C.). Listen to me!

JULIA (C.). Listen to me and heed me! If this contract  
Thou hold'st me to, abide thou the result!  
Answer to Heaven for what I suffer!—act!  
Prepare thyself for such a calamity  
To fall on me, and those whose evil stars  
Have linked them with me, as no past mishap,  
However rare and marvellously sad,  
Can parallel! Lay thy account to live  
A smileless life, die an unpitied death—  
Abhorred, abandoned of their kind—as one  
Who had the guarding of a young maid's peace—  
Looked on, and saw her rashly peril it;—  
And, when she owned her danger and confessed  
Her fault, compelled her to complete her ruin!

WALT. Hast done?

JULIA. Another moment and I have.  
Be warned! Beware how you abandon me  
To myself! I'm young, rash, inexperienced! tempted  
By most insufferable misery!  
Bold, desperate, and reckless! Thou hast age,  
Experience, wisdom, and collectedness—  
Power, freedom—everything that I have not,  
Yet want as none e'er wanted! Thou can'st save me!  
Thou ought'st! thou must! I tell thee, at his feet  
I'll fall a corse, ere mount his bridal bed!  
So choose betwixt my rescue and my grave;  
And quickly too! The hour of sacrifice  
Is near! Anon the immolating priest  
Will summon me! Devise some speedy means  
To cheat the altar of its victim! Do it!  
Nor leave the act to me!

WALT. Hast done!

JULIA. I have.

WALT. Then list to me—and silently, if not  
With patience. (*brings chairs for himself and her; she C., he R. C.*)  
Sit down.

How I watched thee from thy childhood  
I'll not recall to thee. Thy father's wisdom—  
Whose humble instrument I was—directed  
Your nonage should be passed in privacy,  
From your apt mind, that far outstripped your years,  
Fearing the taint of an infected world;—  
“For, in the rich ground, weeds, once taking root,

"Grow strong as flowers." He might be right or wrong !  
 I thought him right, and therefore did his bidding.  
 Most certainly he loved you—so do I ;  
 Ay ! well as I had been myself your father !

*His hand is resting upon his knee, JULIA attempts to take it—he withdraws it—looks at her—she hangs her head.*

Well, you may take my hand ! I need not say  
 How fast you grew in knowledge and in goodness—  
 That hope could scarce enjoy its golden dreams,  
 So soon fulfillment realized them all !  
 Enough. You came to womanhood. Your heart,  
 Pure as the leaf of the consummate bud  
 That's new unfolded by the smiling sun,  
 And ne'er knew blight or canker !

*"She attempts to place her other hand on his shoulder—he leans from her—looks at her—she hangs her head again.*

"Put it there !  
 "Where left I off ? I know !" When a good woman  
 Is fitly mated, she grows doubly good,  
 How good so e'er before ! I found the man  
 I thought a match for thee ; and soon as found,  
 Proposed him to thee. 'Twas your father's will,  
 Occasion offering, you should be married  
 Soon as you reached to womanhood ; you liked  
 My choice—accepted him. We came to town ;  
 Where, by important matter, summoned thence,  
 I left you an affianced bride !

JULIA. You did !  
 You did ! (*leans her head upon her hands and weeps.*)

WALT. Nay, check thy tears ! Let judgment now,  
 Not passion, be awake. On my return,  
 I found thee—what ? I'll not describe the thing  
 I found thee then. I'll not describe my pangs  
 To see thee such a thing ! The engineer  
 Who lays the last stone of his sea-built tower,  
 It cost him years and years of toil to raise—  
 And, smiling at it, tells the winds and waves  
 To roar and whistle now—and, in a night,  
 Beholds the tempest sporting in its place—  
 Might look aghast, as I did !

JULIA (*falling on her knees*). Pardon me !  
 Forgive me ! pity me !

WALT. Resume thy seat. (*raises her*)  
 I pity thee ; perhaps not thee alone  
 It fits to sue for pardon.

JULIA. Me alone !  
 None other !

"WALT. But to vindicate myself,  
 "I name thy lover's stern desertion of thee.  
 "What wast thou then with wounded pride ? A thing  
 "To leap into a torrent ! throw itself  
 "From a precipice ! rush into fire ! I saw  
 "Thy madness—knew to thwart it were to chafe it—

"And humored it to take that course, I thought,

"Adopted, lest 'twould rue!

"JULIA. "Twas wisely done.

"WALT. At least, 'twas for the best.

"JULIA. To blame thee for it,  
"Was adding shame to shame!" But, Master Walter!  
These nuptials—must they needs go on?

"Enter SERVANT, L. U. E.

"SERV. More guests

"Arrive.

"WALT. Attend to them. [Exit SERVANT, L.

"JULIA. Dear Master Walter,

"Is there no way to escape these nuptials?"

WALT. Know'st not

What with these nuptials comes? Hast thou forgot?

JULIA. What?

WALT. Nothing—I did tell thee of a thing.

JULIA. What was it?

WALT. To forget it was a fault!

Look back and think.

JULIA. I can't remember it.

WALT. (*up from chair, aside*). Fathers, make straws your children!  
Nature's nothing!

Blood nothing! Once in other veins it runs,  
It no more yearneth for the parent flood,  
Than doth the stream that from the source disparts.

"Talk not of love instinctive—what you call so

"Is but the brat of custom! Your own flesh

"By habit only cleaves to you—without,

"Hath no adhesion!" (*aloud*) So, you have forgot

You have a father, and are here to meet him?

JULIA. I'll not deny it.

WALT. You should blush for't.

JULIA. No!

No! no! dear Master Walter! what's a father

That you've not been to me? (*he turns his back to her*) Nay,  
turn not from me!

For at the name a holy awe I own,  
That now almost inclines my knee to earth!  
But thou to me, except a father's name,  
Hast all the father been; the care—the love—  
The guidance—the protection of a father!  
Can'st wonder, then, if like thy child I feel,  
And feeling so, that father's claim forget,  
Whom ne'er I knew, save by the name of one?  
Oh, turn to me and do not chide me! or  
If thou wilt chide, chide on! but turn to me!

WALT. (*struggling with emotion*). My Julia! (*weeping—he holds out his  
hand to her; she eagerly takes it.*)

JULIA. Now, dear Master Walter, hear me!

Is there no way to 'scape these nuptials?

WALT. Julia,

A promise made admits not of release,

"Save by consent or forfeiture of those

"Who hold it"—so it should be pondered well

"Before we let it go." Ere man should say

I broke the word I had the power to keep,  
 I'd lose the life I had the power to part with!  
 Remember, Julia, thou and I to-day,  
 Must to thy father of thy training render  
 A strict account. While honor's left to us,  
 We've something—nothing, having all but that  
 Now for thy last act of obedience, Julia!  
 Present thyself before thy bridegroom! (*she assents*) Good!  
 My Julia's now herself! Show him thy heart,  
 And to his honor leave't to set thee free,  
 Or hold thee bound. They come, they come!\* Thy father  
                     will be by! (*Music.*) [*Exeunt severally.*]

“SCENE III.—*The banqueting room.*†

“*Enter MASTER WALTER and MASTER HEARTWELL.*”

“HEART. Thanks, Master Walter! Ne'er was child more bent  
 “To do her father's will, you'll own, than mine.  
 “Yet never one more froward.”

“WALT. All runs fair—  
 “Fair may all end. To-day you'll learn the cause  
 “That took me out of town. But soft awhile,  
 “Here comes the bridegroom with his friends, and here  
 “The all-obedient bride.”

*Enter “on one hand JULIA, and on the other,” LORD ROCHDALE, with LORD  
 TINSEL and friends; afterwards CLIFFORD, C. D.*

ROCH. (C.). Is she not fair!  
 TIN. (L.). She'll do. Your servant, lady! Master Walter,  
 We're glad to see you. Sirs, you're welcome all!  
 What wait they for? Are we to wed or not?  
 We're ready—why don't they present the bride?  
 I hope they know she is to wed an earl.

ROCH. Should I speak first?

TIN. Not for your coronet!  
 I, as your friend, may make the first advance.  
 We're come here to be married. Where's the bride?

WALT. There stands she, Lord. If 'tis her will to wed,  
 His Lordship's free to take her.

TIN. Not a step!  
 I, as your friend, may lead her to your Lordship.  
 Fair lady, by your leave! (*crosses to her.*)

JULIA. No, not to you!

TIN. I ask your hand to give it to his Lordship.

JULIA. Nor to his Lordship—save he will accept  
 My hand without my heart! “but I'll present  
 “My knee to him, and by his lofty rank—  
 “Implore him now to do a lofty deed  
 “Will lift its stately head above his rank—  
 “Assert him nobler yet in worth than name—

\* In representation, “they come, they come!” is inserted as above, and there is no succeeding change of Scene—all the verses and directions marked with inverted commas being omitted. *Heartwell* should enter with the friends of the bride.

† No change of Scene in the Union Square version.

"And in the place of an unwilling bride,  
 "Unto a willing debtor make him lord—  
 "Whose thanks shall be his vassals, night and day,  
 "That still shall wait upon him!"

TIN. What means this? (*crosses, L.*)

JULIA. What is't behoves a wife to bring her lord?

WALT. A whole heart, and a true one.

JULIA. I have none!

Not half a heart—the fraction of a heart!

Am I a woman it befits to wed?

WALT. Why, where's thy heart?

JULIA. Gone—out of my keeping!

Lost—past recovery! "right and title to it—

"And all given up!" and he that's owner on't,

So fit to wear it, were it fifty hearts

I'd give it to him all!

WALT. Thou dost not mean

His Lordship's secretary?

JULIA. Yes. Away

Disguises! In that secretary know

The master of the heart, of which the poor,

Unvalued, empty casket at your feet—

Its jewel gone—I now despairing throw! (*kneels*)

"Of his lord's bride he's lord! lord paramount!

"To whom her virgin homage first she paid—

"'Gainst whom rebelled in frowardness alone—

"Nor knew herself how loyal to him till

"Another claim'd her duty—then awoke

"To sense of all she owed him—all his worth—

"And all her undeservings!"

WALT. Rise, my Julia! (*raises her.*)

TIN. Lady, we come not here to treat of hearts—

But marriage; which, so please you, is with us

A simple joining by the priest of hands;

A ring's put on; a prayer or two is said;

You're man and wife—and nothing more! For hearts

We oft'ner do without than with them, lady!

CLIF. So does not wed this lady. (*advances, C. JULIA goes to him as for protection.*)

TIN. Who are you?

CLIF. I'm secretary to the Earl of Rochdale.

TIN. My Lord?

ROCH. I know him not.

TIN. I know him now—

Your Lordship's rival! Once *Sir* Thomas Clifford.

CLIF. Ay, sir; and once this lady's bridegroom—who

Then loved her—loves her still!

JULIA. Was loved by her—

Though then she knew it not!—is loved by her,

As now she knows, and all the world may know!

TIN. We can't be laughed at. We are here to wed,

And shall fulfill our contract.

JULIA. Clifford!

CLIF. Julia!

You will not give your hand? (*a pause—JULIA seems utterly lost.*)

WALT. You have forgot

Again. You have a father!

JULIA. Bring him now—

To see thy Julia justify thy training,  
And lay her life down to redeem her word!

WALT. And so redeems her all! (*crosses, c.*) Is it your will,  
My Lord, these nuptials should go on?

ROCH. (L. c.). It is.

WALT. Then is it mine they stop!

TIN. I told your Lordship  
You should not keep a hunchback for your agent.

WALT. (c.). Thought like my father, my good Lord, who said  
He would not have a hunchback for his son—  
So do I pardon you the savage slight!  
My Lord, that I am not as straight as you  
Was blemish neither of my thought nor will,  
“My head nor heart. It was no act of mine”—  
Yet did it curdle nature's kindly milk  
E'en where 'tis richest—in a parent's breast—  
To cast me out to heartless fosterage—  
Not heartless always, as it proved—and give  
My portion to another! “the same blood—  
“But I'll be sworn, in vein, my Lord, and soul—  
“Although his trunk did swerve no more than yours—  
“Not half so straight as I.

“TIN. Upon my life,  
“You've got a modest agent, Rochdale! Now  
“He'll prove himself descended—mark my words—  
“From some small gentleman!

“WALT. And so you thought,  
“Where nature played the churl, it would be fit  
“That fortune played it too. You would have had  
“My Lord absolve me from my agency!  
“Fair Lord, the flaw did cost me fifty times—  
“A hundred times my agency;”—but all's  
Recovered. Look, my Lord, a testament (*shows will*)  
To make a pension of his Lordship's rent roll!  
It is my father's, and was left by him,  
In case his heir should die without a son,  
Then to be opened. Heaven did send a son  
To bless the heir. Heaven took its gift away.  
He died—his father died. And Master Walter—  
The unsightly agent of his Lordship there—  
The hunchback whom your Lordship would have stripped  
Of his agency—is now the Earl of Rochdale! (*general movement  
of surprise.*)

JULIA. The Earl of Rochdale!

WALT. And what of that? Thou know'st not half my greatness!  
A prouder title, Julia, have I yet.  
Sooner than part with which, I'd give that up  
And be again plain Master Walter. What!  
Dost thou not apprehend me? Yes, thou dost!  
Command thyself—don't gasp! My pupil—daughter!  
Come to thy father's heart! (*JULIA rushes into his arms.*)

TIN. We've made a small mistake here. Never mind,  
'Tis nothing for a lord.

*Enter FATHOM, hurriedly, c. d.*

FATH. Thievery ! Elopement—escape—arrest !

WALT. What's the matter ?

FATH. Mistress Helen is running away with Master Modus—Master Modus is running away with Mistress Helen—but we have caught them, secured them, and here they come, to receive the reward of their merits.

*Enter HELEN and MODUS, C. D., followed by SERVANTS.*

HELEN. I'll ne'er wed man, if not my cousin Modus.

MOD. Nor woman I, save cousin Helen's she.

WALT. (*to HEARTWELL*). A daughter and a nephew has my friend,  
Without their match in duty ! You shall marry.

(*to ROCHDALE*) For you, sir, who to-day have lost an earldom,  
Yet would have shared that earldom with my child—  
My only one—content yourself with prospect  
Of the succession—it must fall to you—  
And fit yourself to grace it. Ape not those  
Who rank by pride. The man of simplest bearing  
Is yet a lord when he's a lord indeed !

"TIN. The paradox is obsolete. Ne'er heed !

"Learn from his book, and practise out of mine.

"WALT." Sir Thomas Clifford, take my daughter's hand  
If now you know the master of her heart ;  
Give it, my Julia ! You suspect, I see—  
And rightly—there has been some masking here.  
Well, you shall know anon how keeps Sir Thomas  
His baronetcy still—and, for myself,  
How jealousy of my mis-shapen back  
Made me mistrustful of a child's affections,  
Although I won a wife's—so that I dropped  
The title of thy father, lest thy duty  
Should pay the debt thy love alone could solve.  
All this and more, that to thy friends and thee  
Pertains, at fitting time thou shalt be told.  
But now thy nuptials wait—the happy close  
Of thy hard trial—wholesome, though severe !  
The world won't cheat thee now—thy heart is proved  
Thou know'st thy peace by finding out its bane,  
And ne'er wilt act from reckless impulse more !

*Disposition of Characters at the fall of the Curtain.*

		CLIFFORD.	JULIA.		
	HELEN.			WALTER.	
MODUS.					ROCHDALE.
HEARTWELL.					TINSEL.
B.					L.

*CURTAIN.*









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